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THE VITAL FORCES OF METHODISM.

BY REV. CYRUS D. FOSS.

THE human mind intuitively assumes that every phenomenon is the result of some cause, and, moreover, that there must exist a due proportion between the efficiency of the cause and the vastness of the result. In this fairest land beneath the sun there is exhibited a most remarkable phenomenon—a spectacle to angels and to men—upon which, during the past year, the eyes of the Christian world have been admiringly turned: a Church which dates back only one hundred years, and yet which stands foremost among all the Churches on the continent, for the number of its communicants and adherents, for the value of its Church property, and for its power among the masses of the people.

To the inquiry, Whence such successes? every thoughtful mind, as well as every devout heart, must exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" The great Head of the Church is the ultimate cause of these vast results. But we do well to search for the proximate causes; for those nearer links of influence which men attach to the golden chain of God's mercy; or, at least, if God welds them, which godly men seize hold upon and bring near to their lost fellows.

Let us inquire after the vital forces of Methodism—*forces*, not *force*; for this sublime result in which millions tremblingly rejoice can not be ascribed to any single agency; nor is there among the agencies which produce it any one which stands out in isolated prominence above all the rest. The vital forces of this great religious movement are to be sought in,

1. Its doctrinal system.
2. Its experience.
3. Its ecclesiastical peculiarities.

The gist of all is this: The power of Meth-

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odism has always been, that it has held to the belief, the experience, and the promulgation of a free and full salvation. It is of course impossible to compress into one brief sentence all those incidental statements necessary to a full explanation of this proposition; but this is the central truth, the grand secret of the Church's power.

1. Methodism has always tenaciously held to all those fundamental doctrines in which all evangelical Churches agree: the unity of God, the deity of Christ, justification by faith, etc. But it has also held distinguishing doctrines. It alone of all the great denominations on this continent has a distinctively American theology. The absolute freedom of the will; the universality of the atonement, in the broadest and deepest sense of that word; the witness of the Spirit, not as the special gift of God to a few favored disciples, but as the common privilege of all; the admissibility of grace; perfect purity and perfect love—these, in addition to those other truths already referred to as held by us in common with other sects—these are the inspiring truths with which Methodism has all along been plying the dull ear of the world. It may be said these doctrines were not new. We admit it, and glory in it. Novelty in theology is proof positive of heresy. If an angel from heaven were to preach any new Gospel, we would call him accursed, and would be able to back our anathema by apostolic authority. Methodism was a return to "the old paths." None of its doctrines were new, but several of them had been long buried beneath the rubbish of error, or wired together into grinning skeletons, and put on exhibition as "bodies of divinity." It was the peculiar glory of Methodism to exhume these buried truths from the dust of ages, to put flesh on these bones and life into them. It went every-where crying to men, You are lost; you are redeemed; you have

the gracious ability to turn to God now, and this is your imperative duty; if you turn, you shall be pardoned and renewed; the Holy Ghost will witness this to your heart. To struggling Christians, forever moaning, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" it said, This fierce combat with inbred sin may cease, for Jesus' blood is able to cleanse you from every spot, and to preserve you blameless, soul, body, and spirit, unto the day of his appearing.

It is not our purpose now to vindicate these doctrines against the objections which have been made to them. We simply assert that they have been a power. They have won to our communion myriads of heavy-laden sinners, and not a few doubting disciples. They compose a doctrinal system which may fairly be reckoned among the vital forces of the Church which holds it. They are in their nature more efficient than their opposites. They lay hold upon the hearts and consciences of men with a more powerful gripe. Let us see. Methodism has gone to every man with the assurance that he is just as certainly included in the provisions of grace as in the offer of mercy; that the fact of his possessing human nature is the sure warrant for his belief that Christ died for him, that the impartial Deity has not elected his neighbor to eternal life and passed him by. It has proclaimed that any state of grace attainable on earth may be lost and never regained, so that the certain knowledge of present acceptance furnishes no assurance of final salvation. It has always inscribed on its banners, "Holiness unto the Lord," and has insisted that though no man can have a perfect head, any man may have a "perfect heart." Are not these teachings in their very nature better calculated than their opposites to awaken sinners and encourage Christians? Have they not greatly helped to earn for Methodism the honorable appellation of a "revival Church?"

Why was it that the preaching of the pioneers sent out by Wesley and Asbury almost everywhere awaked the dead? It was because their belief concerning the freedom of the will and gracious ability necessitated the conviction of the complete practicability of a present salvation. None asserted more strongly than they the imperative need of grace, but they also insisted that grace sufficient for the first step toward the cross is constantly bestowed, and devolved upon their hearers the instant duty of turning to God.

2. But no man can understand early Methodism simply by the study of its theology. Its experience impressed men even more than its

doctrines. It was not so much a creed as a life. And after all this is the great thing. As acute an observer of human nature as Channing said, "Men's characters are determined not by the opinions which they profess, but by those on which their thoughts habitually fasten." Such were the doctrines which we have considered, not formulas but forces, not useless lumber in the brain, but transforming energies in the heart. Salvation now, salvation consciously experienced and witnessed to the heart by the Holy Ghost, salvation for all men, salvation from all sin—these were the truths on which the thoughts of the early Methodists "habitually fastened"—these the doctrines which glowed in their experience.

Those who preached them were not man-chosen ministers, trained from boyhood for a profession, coldly unfolding doctrines and discoursing about virtue; from the depths of renewed hearts they proclaimed what God had done for them. They cried with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul;" "He brought me up out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock." They remembered the Pauline method, "At midday, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, . . . and I heard a voice, . . . whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." A true, deep, thankful, outbursting experience glowed in their hearts, trembled in their hymns, fired their exhortations, distilled like dew, or poured like showers, or rolled like thunder from their sermons. They could say, "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again;" and this indwelling love of Jesus burned like a fire in their bones, and drove them, as it did Paul, restlessly to and fro, to tell a dead world what God had done for them, and what he stood waiting to do for all men.

Just such an experience was the most urgent need of the English Church and nation at the epoch when Methodism began its sublime career. The whole land was in a state of fearful moral declension. Isaac Taylor called it "heathenism, or a state hardly to be distinguished from it." Leighton spoke of the Church as "a fair carcass without a spirit." The difference between professors of religion and non-professors was not in morals, nor in experience, but in forms and ceremonies—a condition of things peculiarly abominable in the sight of God.

what was wanted was a trumpet voice to call the slumbering Church and the dying world to God's forgotten requirements of the new birth and a triumphant experience.

To meet this specific want God raised up John Wesley. His providential training was the mold in which Methodism was cast. His fifteen years' legal struggle, and his instantaneous and conscious adoption into the family of God have molded the creed and the experience of millions. What would he have been more than many other men if he had not, after his long, hard service of God, become consciously a son of God? What would Methodism have been but for the fact that his heart was "strangely warmed?" There never was a more self-denying, faithful missionary than he had been in Georgia; yet he accomplished nothing there to make his name memorable. But after this new experience, into which God led him through the teachings of the Moravians, whenever he spoke fire seemed to stream forth from his calm lips. How could the only preaching possible to him there fail to come to the spiritually dead like an awakening blast from the trumpet of God? He could not call men to morality as the great end; nor to self-denial, penitence, beneficence, and the most pains-taking efforts to obey God. Had he not been foremost in all these things up to the age of thirty-five?

His associates and helpers caught his spirit and followed his example. The staple of all their sermons was a free salvation for all men now—a salvation which they themselves had but recently experienced, and which glowed like fire in their hearts and on their lips. Conceive of a community deeply sunk in irreligion and sin; most of the people without any pretension to the form of godliness; a few, from the force of habit, waiting on the services of a perfunctory ministry of the Establishment, who, on Sunday, would drone over a dull ethical homily, or a dry disquisition perhaps on the difference between homoousianism and homoiousianism, and then would play cards and attend horse-races during the week. Now see that plain man riding into the town, with a small pair of saddle-bags behind him, containing his entire wardrobe and library. He takes his stand by the roadside and begins to sing,

"How can a sinner know
His sins on earth forgiven?" etc.

The people gather round him, wondering if he is not an escaped lunatic. He speaks. In one brief hour he unfolds to his amazed, startled, terrified, melted auditory, the tremendous,

forgotten realities of sin, death, hell, the new birth, and eternal glory. He speaks of all these things as downright realities. Hell is not to him the shadowy conception of a remote and barely possible inconvenience, but a burning pit, on whose crumbling edge the feet of his hearers are heedlessly treading; and the salvation he offers is as quick and complete as the exigency is fearful. How do you explain this? Ah, "the pains of hell" had got hold upon the man himself; God had delivered him and put a new song into his mouth.

Let not that great Church which is now striking the key-note of a new century forget that *the power of Methodism has always been the experience of Methodism*. All along its shining track of one hundred and twenty-seven years Methodism has been singing its inspiring, twofold anthem of bliss and longing:

"Jesus all the day long
Is my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!"

"The joy of the Lord" has been its "strength."

3. It was evidently a question of immense importance to this infant Church, by what methods these doctrines and this experience should be propagated. For the answer we must look to the *ecclesiastical peculiarities* of Methodism. The scope of this article, so far from requiring a full discussion of all these peculiarities, will permit only a rapid glance at the chief among them.

One grand fact concerning these peculiarities, and also with regard to the entire religious system which they have done so much to make successful, ought to be prominently stated and perpetually remembered—it is this: Methodism was a child of Providence. Its striking peculiarities were providential peculiarities, every one of them. It was not a system carefully thought out and skillfully arranged by any man or combination of men. John Wesley never devised Methodism. He simply went forth, under the pressure of one of those mighty motives which make men heroes, to preach repentance and holiness. He had no thought of founding a Church, and he had actually accomplished the work before he knew it. The whole philosophy of Methodism is contained in the final sentence of Mr. Wesley's answer to the question, "What was the use of Methodism?" and is most judiciously inserted in our book of Discipline, "God thrust us out to raise a holy people." This analysis is profoundly wise. It is not more modest than truthful. We must not suffer our attention to be so monopolized by the well-chosen and admirably-adapted instru-

ments that we can not look beyond them to the Great Worker and give all the glory to him. The human founder of Methodism will ever be held in increasing honor in the Church. He has won from the elegant Macaulay the acknowledgment that his "genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu." But the truth stands, and should be often uttered to the praise of our Divine Head, and as a guiding precedent for the Church, that the peculiar agencies by which our success has been achieved, and by which we are best known to the world, were not planned by any man, but by God. What are these agencies? Our itinerancy, our lay ministry, our class meeting—three great gifts of God to Methodism, neither of them arranged by human skill, but each in actual possession before its value was at all understood, and one of them in peril at first of suppression by Mr. Wesley himself as a dangerous innovation.

Whatever objections may be urged against our itinerant system as a permanent institution, it must be admitted to be favorable to the freedom of the pulpit, to purity of doctrine, to variety of ministrations, and to the homogeneity of the Church. Omitting, however, any expansion of these thoughts, it is material here to observe that the itinerancy was at the beginning vital to the success of Methodism, considered as a great missionary movement. The great object of our early preachers was not to build chapels, but to save souls; not to found a Church, but "to spread Scriptural holiness." They must travel. Every man of them felt Christ's urgent "go" as a hurricane at his back. They needed no man to teach them their mission—the Holy Ghost taught them. They were "to raise a holy people." In those days there was the very essence of the Gospel in their conviction that "the world" was their "parish." They felt themselves sent by God, with the message of salvation, to men, to any men, to all men, especially to the lowest and most neglected. And so, when the pulpits were closed against them, they betook themselves to open fields and barns. A kitchen hearth, a log, a horse's back was pulpit enough for many a sermon to which men and angels listened with deepest interest. The evangelists "went forth and preached every-where, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following."

It could not be but that among the converts there would be found some burning with zeal to call men to repentance, and yet so incumbered with worldly cares as to be unable to devote their entire time to the work of the

ministry. Hence arose lay preachers, a noble band of men who have always outnumbered the itinerants, who have done much of the hardest work of the Church without temporal reward, and who have been honored of God as the pioneers and ablest supporters of Methodism in many places. It is difficult to see how our Church could have accomplished its work, or, indeed, how it could have maintained itself at all without the labors of this large class of self-sacrificing and heroic men. If any man question the validity of our orders let him be pointed to the spectacle of a Church a million strong, founded only one hundred years ago by a solitary local preacher, who was inspired for the work by the words of a self-appointed female exhorter.

Nothing has more distinguished Methodism than the prominence it has always given to personal experience. It has represented religion to be an intensely-personal matter. It has proposed not merely an indefinite diffusion of good influences through the community. It has brought each man up to the bar of conscience for immediate judgment, and has proposed the quickening of society at large by raising individual sinners from the dead. This has been its first aim; and its second has been to foster the new-found life. When Mr. Fletcher was told, "the Methodists are a people that do nothing but pray: they are praying all day and all night," he said, "Are they? then, by the help of God, I will find them out if they be above ground." It might with the same propriety have been said that they sang all the time, or that they talked religion all the time. For the utterance and fostering of that heart-felt experience which we prize so highly, the chief means employed among us is the class meeting; an institution too little used and honored at this day. Dr. Wayland pays it this tribute: "The Methodist class meeting is an institution especially designed to gather together the scattered members of that communion into an organization that shall be the nucleus of a Church. It is an admirable system, and has been of infinite service in developing ministerial talent, and extending the cause of Methodism in our country. It has done much more than this. In ten thousand instances it has kept alive the flame of piety, where it would otherwise have been extinguished, and trained up thousands and tens of thousands for the heavenly Jerusalem. We do not need the name, or the form, but may we not have the essential thing with all its attendant benefits?"

Such are some of the vital forces of Methodism—such the agencies by which, with God's

blessing, she has achieved those moral and spiritual triumphs which have made her a praise in the earth. As she girds herself for the work of another century, let her not forget where her strength lies. Her "sufficiency is of God." Let her "hold fast the form of sound words," and "earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints." Let her act on the conviction that these doctrines will have power to win men just in the ratio of their vivid illustration in the experience and life of the Church, remembering the maxim of a great Christian philosopher, that "in order to restore an old truth to its original luster, it is only necessary to translate it into action." With regard to methods of Gospel work, while she should not cling to the old because it is old, nor shun the new because it is new, but should still illustrate that flexibility by which she has adapted her ministrations to all classes; yet let her determine with a wise conservatism to "hasten slowly," being careful to hold in abeyance all changes proposed till thoroughly satisfied that they are in the line of true progress, and manifesting no anxiety to gratify the tastes of men except so far as that may be done without any detriment to what has always been her peculiar glory, the spirit of an untrammelled and world-wide evangelism.

DEATH OF TASSO.

BY MERIDA A. BABCOCK.

"The worthiest poets have remained uncrowned till death has bared their foreheads to the bone."—*Mrs. Browning.*

ST. ONOFRIO'S wrapt in gloom,
And soft each footstep falls,
While ghostly shadows play upon
Her stern and dusky walls,
And all night long her holy friars
Have prayed with trust that never tires.

And here secure from worldly blast,
From worldly care and thought,
Italia's poet finds at last
The rest his soul hath sought,
And while he lists the chanting friars
He hears the tone of heavenly lyres.

The morning dawns—no golden beam
An entrance finds within;
It matters not, the taper's gleam
Sheds light enough for him;
He sleeps in peace, while to his breast
The crucifix is closely pressed.

That lofty spirit wont to soar
O'er high, celestial ground,
St. Anne's dungeon walls no more
May weigh with sorrow down;

No more he'll weep in wild despair
His seven years of anguish there.

All joy, all hope, all love of life
Were lost to him, for lo,
The world's ingratitude and strife
Had willed it should be so;
And what were e'en a happier lot
If Leonora shared it not?

O faithful and forgiving heart,
No mortal e'er hast borne
Such grievous wrong, such cruel smart,
With less of hate and scorn;
Thou wast of those whose lyres are given
To strike on earth the notes of heaven!

Argantes' foul ingratitude,
In piercing Dudon's breast
With falchion that his prince bestowed,
No sharper sting possessed
Than false Alphonso's venom'd steel,
Which opened wounds no art could heal.

Of Godfrey's deeds and noble end
In story thou hast wrought
Poetic wreaths, where sweetly blend
The fairest flowers of thought;
The laurel-wreath entwined for thee
Withers before such poetry!

Clarinda's acts of valor done,
Herminia's bashful love,
Rinaldo's conquest bravely won,
Aladdin's swift remove,
The Christian's prayer, the pagan's curse
Thou 'st woven too in matchless verse.

Thy spirit-eyes now view at last
The New Jerusalem,
The city whence our Savior passed
From 'neath the scourge of men,
Where pagan feet shall ne'er invade
The temple which our God hath made.
The laurel crown twined for thy brow
Now rests upon thy bier;
Ah, little need of garlands now
Hast thou in yon bright sphere,
Thou hast a crown more bright, I ween,
Than e'er was worn by Egypt's queen!

GIVEN TO GOD.

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

A LITTLE tiny, helpless thing,
That neither looked, nor spoke, nor smiled,
I laid my hand upon its head,
And gave to God my child.

Again at the baptismal font,
A little one that lovelier grew,
With curling hair and lisping tongue,
I gave to God anew.

Then when at length, one gloomy day,
Death came so sudden to our door,
'T was not so hard to give to God
What I had given before.

THE INDIAN MISSION FIELD OF THE METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BY BISHOP THOMSON.

SECOND PAPER.

MANUFACTURES in India are by slow and coarse processes, but the patience and skill of the artisans make up for the imperfection of their instruments. In cotton and silk, fine fabrics are found in northern cities; in gold and silver works, the shops of Delhi are unrivaled; in furniture, Bareilly is scarcely surpassed; at Secrota you meet with extensive factories of children's toys; at Tyzabad I saw manufactures in wood, such as bureaus and dressing cases, that would have done credit to any establishment. The mechanics generally sit at their work, using their toes as vises, etc. They are not inventive, but imitative. Their best productions are from European copies. Hindoos are so particular in copying that they should be supplied with a perfect pattern. We heard of a gentleman who gave his native tailor a pair of pantaloons as a pattern, and who found that the new garment was an imitation of the old, even to the patch on the knee, and the rent in another place.

The methods of traveling are not very comfortable. The British have, however, made some fine spacious metaled roads and shaded them with trees, generally of the tamarind species. The lime used for this purpose is found near the surface. When burning it makes an oxyd, with some impurities. In the form of a hydrate it makes an excellent finishing for houses, inside or outside; mixed with sand and well pounded it makes a hard and durable cement, so beautiful that it has often been mistaken for marble.

The native roads are poor and narrow, so that traveling by carriage over them is impracticable. Usually the traveling is in light conveyances, borne on the shoulders of men by means of poles. The joupan is like a large chair, with a canvas attachment for the feet, and is carried by two men, relieved when weary by others; it answers for short distances, and in ascending mountains; the demdy is similar to it. The palankeen is a covered conveyance of light wood, often ornamented, large enough for a couch, and heavy enough to require four bearers. It has sliding doors at the side, and is the usual carriage of native gentlemen. The dhooley is a less expensive structure of the same size and style, usually covered with colored cotton cloth. The accommodations for travelers are tolerable; the Government has

established on the principal roads taverns, or bungalows, furnished with bedsteads and chairs, and kept by natives who understand European methods of cooking. Here you may either provide or order your own meals, and you are charged according to a fixed scale. Sometimes, however, we find ourselves compelled to cook our meals by the roadside. There are serais for natives. The serai is a tavern built round a court, surrounded by a high wall, and entered by lofty gates, through which the caravans or carts are driven, and which are closed at night-fall. Around the court are rooms where the travelers may rest, and which may be rented for a cent a night; here, too, are shops at which necessities may be procured, persons who may be employed as cooks, wells, and places of worship.

Sometimes traveling is by elephant. My first ride on this animal was a pleasure excursion at Bareilly. The elephant was driven to the door by the mahout seated on his neck, with an iron instrument having a point to urge the animal forward, and a hook to hold him back. At a signal the elephant went upon his knees, and a ladder having been placed at his back, we mounted and seated ourselves in a framework, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas on one side, Mrs. Waugh and I on the other. As the animal arose and moved off a chuprasse climbed up his tail and seated himself above it, and we were ready for an aristocratic ride. On we go through the narrow streets of the city, sometimes looking down upon the mud houses, and sometimes trembling lest the elephant should not work his way through without mischief to himself or others. At Lukeempoor we borrowed an elephant of the commissioner to go to Hügano, fifteen miles distant, where we were to be met with a dhooley to convey us to Seetapore. A crimson pad was placed upon the elephant's back, on which Dr. Butler, brother Gracey, and myself were seated. We started before sunset, and reached Hügano at midnight. I could not repress the fear that I should roll off and be crushed under the animal's feet. A few days after we received a note from the owner, saying that the elephant had returned without any indications of the burden she had borne. This reminded us too strongly of the fly on the ox.

What has been said shows the facility with which our missionaries may pass from point to point during the season of itinerancy. Each station is provided with a tent and other itinerating requisites. At the suitable period the missionary sending his tent before him on a camel, follows on horseback or in a dhooley,

and finds all things in readiness on his arrival. By writing in advance to the Tyceldar he can secure all necessary provisions for his comfort, and facilities for his work.

Within our mission field are various shrines and melas of great veneration and celebrity, such as Hurdwar, Gurmakteser, Bithoor, Ajoodihá, which afford fine opportunities for preaching the Gospel. On our way from Meerut to Bynour, and from Nugena to Gurmakteser, we found the road thronged with devotees. On arriving there we saw, by estimation, 250,000 people encamped on one side of the stream, and 500,000 on the other. The camps were in regular avenues, watched by a strong police. Here rows of jewelers' shops from Delhi, there rows of toy sellers from Secorá; on this side provisions, on that offerings for the gods. Riding along the lines we stopped at a hollow square of amused spectators, formed round a company of priests disfigured with paint and arrayed in saffron robes, singing the praises of the Ganges in a song, the chorus of which called for *pice*, (money,) which one of them on his feet stretched out his hand along the lines to receive. On we go to a similar square, within which a dancing girl, bedizened as to her ears, wrists, fingers, nose, and toes, was performing and singing for rewards more freely given than those to the priests. Idols in boats on the water are collecting *pice* in cloth aprons. In the morning the people bathe in the river, the women at a very early hour, the more devout men next, those less so when the water is warmer; in the evening the Ganges is lighted up with lamps placed in boats, so that it seems a river on fire. The people remain together a week, during which time our missionaries can preach to them. We heard Mr. Heemle, of the Church mission, preach from a wagon on one side of the stream, and Mr. Parker, of our mission at Moradabad, and his assistant, Andrews, on the other. The people listened with attention, often asked questions, and always laughed when the idols were ridiculed. This camp meeting, attended with so much privation, is for a religious purpose. At the close of the Mela, at the propitious moment of the full moon, of which the priests give the signal, the people together rush into the water to wash away their sins. By these occasions we can reach masses not only from India, but from Thibet and other States north of Hindoostan.

Many think of the Hindoos as of the Africans or Indians. The lower classes are indeed ignorant, pressed so hard by poverty that they have little opportunity for culture; and as they move before the stranger without hats or shoes, and

with but little covering on other parts of the body, they impress him as a rude and barbarous people. Yet India had a high degree of cultivation in early ages, and her upper classes still exhibit a good degree of learning and refinement. Within our field are three different civilizations. There are none of the Bheels, Ghonds, or other aboriginal tribes. Nearly three-fifths of the population are Hindoos, one-fifth Mohammedan. The Mussulmans, intelligent, enterprising, and occupying the cities in which their ancestors were once the rulers, exert no little influence. The British, though few, exert their power through the magistrates, the laws, and the army.

The vernacular of the Hindoos is Hindi, a soft, beautiful, and flexible language, derived from the Sanscrit. This, though it has long ceased to be a spoken tongue, lies at the foundation of almost every dialect of the East, but is now appropriated to religious records, and, till the Asiatic researches of the English, was shut up for ages in the libraries of the Brahmins.

The language of the Mussulmans is Ordu or Hindustani, derived from the Arabic through the Persian. It is more light and elegant than the Hindi, and better adapted to conversation. The Persian is the learned language of Mohammedans, and the medium of their choicest literature. Many Rajahs have educated Englishmen as tutors in their families, and are themselves acquainted with several tongues of modern Europe. Children of all castes attend the schools of the Government and of the missionaries, which are in all the cities and large towns, and their chief desire is to acquire the English, as it is considered the first qualification for employment, either by the Government or European houses. An illustration of this I found at Gondah, where a negro is employed by the Rajah of Burrampoor. He was a slave in the States, escaped to England, embarked in an East Indiaman as a Lascar, remained in Calcutta till he acquired the Hindi, and then went into the service of the Maharajah as a teacher, all his want of qualification being overlooked in his ability to speak English.

The Hindoo literature in the Sanscrit medium consists of poetry, treatises on music, painting, ethics and medicine, systems of philosophy and works on arithmetic, mathematics, astronomy, logic and law, but nothing to add to our stores of useful knowledge. The literature in the Hindi is very far below this, and that in the Ordu not much above it, though that in Persian is probably an improvement. The Sanscrit literature is confined to the Pundits, and the Persian to the Moonshes, the learned men

respectively of the Hindoos and Mohammedans. The whole native literature is full of idle theories, impossible fables, and unsystematized truths. Formerly, in the Government colleges, Persian as well as Sanscrit was taught under the Mogul emperors, and a long time after it was the language of the court and of the law, but Hindustani has taken its place. The change is a wise one. The character of any people depends upon the literature of its leading minds, and this, in turn, upon their language. How different might have been the issue of our rebellion had Spanish been our common medium of thought, or had that tongue have even taken the place of the German among us! The political influence coming down upon Hindoostan from Western Asia will be less and less. Besides Ordu, Government schools teach Sanscrit, Latin, and Greek, though the two last are elective. Of habits and manners in our field I say little.

The Hindoos are naturally indolent. One of their proverbs is, "If I can ride on horseback, I will not walk; if I can ride in a conveyance, I will not go on horseback; if I can stand, I will not ride; if I can sit, I will not stand; and if I can lie down, I will not sit." Both Hindoos and Mussulmans are polite. At Benares, the Governor-General examining a school asked, "How does the world turn round?" "By your pleasure," was the prompt reply. On leaving the house of a native, the holder said, "I am your servant, what can I do for you." When I replied, "I ask only your good-will," he bowed down on hands and feet and touched his forehead to the floor. Both Mohammedans and Hindoos listen attentively to preaching, even at the roadside and market-places. Even they who oppose controvert respectfully, and while uttering hard words, and putting searching questions, abstain from personalities, and concede to the missionary both talents and learning. At several points in my journey the head man of the village called to make his salam. At Bareilly, I said to a native lawyer, who called upon me, "You are the most polite people in the world." "We are obliged to be," he replied, "we are a conquered people." The speech of the masses is highly figurative. To say you lie, their form is, "You say there is no oil in the Til." To express prosperity, "He sits with his five fingers in melted butter." To describe the moderation of the Government, "The cloth is between the iron and the skin." Excessive devotion is "an ass's load of religion." A widow who lost her last child said, "The widow's dove has fled to the bosom of his Savior."

The Hindoos are superstitious. They have countless omens and prognostics. A vulture alighting on the roof of a house, a sneeze, the howl of a jackal in the daytime, the cry of a lizard, the croaking of a raven on the housetop, stepping over a string, pronouncing a monkey's or a miser's name the first thing in the morning, are omens of evil, a lizard falling to the right an omen of good. Plowing, sowing, reaping, are all done with certain ceremonies and on propitious days. Multiplied incantations attend both marriage and death. Each day of the week is devoted to some god, and thought to be connected with some form of good or evil. Sunday is sacred to the sun and to Shiva, and is suitable for building and sowing seed; Monday to the moon and Mahadwa, and is the time to mount a new horse or set out on a journey; Tuesday sacred to Mangal, answering to Mars, is the day to fight battles and open forges; Wednesday sacred to Buddha, corresponding to Mercury, is the day to collect debts and wash clothes; Thursday is sacred to Vrihaspati, and is for opening a new shop or wearing ornaments; Friday, sacred to Shukra, is when women worship for children lost or on a journey; Saturday sacred to Shani, answering to Saturn, is the day for acquiring magic, exciting quarrels, and enacting enormities. To a great extent the superstition is hypocrisy. They who arrest the march of armies lest they should destroy insects, build hospitals for disabled animals, and, as Sir James Forbes relates, hire beggars to lie quiet while vermin feast upon them, can shoot, mangle, and cut up their adversaries.

The morals of this region are bad. The Vedants are pantheists, and maintain that God's omnipotence excludes all other power, and his omnipresence all other existence. They deny the immutability of moral distinctions, attribute evil acts to the gods, and think Fakeers may do as they will. The priests teach purification by external means—water, fire, etc.—ascribe efficacy to rites independent of the mind of the worshiper, and think sin may be atoned by presents to the Brahmins.

Mohammedans seem to ignore immorality of thought. Their prevailing sect is the Sunnites, whose faith has been tinged with the doctrines of the Shiites through the intercourse between Oude and Persia, and has felt the influence of paganism, so that its observances in honor of the Imaums, its offerings at the tombs of saints, and the respect it allows to Hindoo divinities very much resemble idolatry, while it has received but little impulse from the reformers. This, perhaps, is not much to be

regretted, as the Wahabees themselves are in fundamental error. Maulavee Imail says, "If one alone commits faults equal to all—sinners—yet he shall be pardoned through the blessings of the doctrine of unity." "If he believes this his very sins will be more acceptable than the worship of others," The Hadees, or traditions, the chief guide of Mussulmans, confound moral distinctions. Take the following: There was a holy man who did nothing but righteousness, and a bad one who did nothing but sin. When the latter committed an enormity, the former said to him, "God will punish thee." He replied, "Leave that to God and me." At that moment dying, they came to judgment. God said to the holy man, "Can I save this sinner?" He answered, "Thou art almighty." To this God replied, "Well," then turning to the bad man he said, "Enter heaven," and to the good, "Go thou into hell."

The practice is like the theory. At Budaon I was told that five at least out of every twenty women are "strange," in the sense of Solomon. Hundreds committed the sin of Sodom; the magistrate said, "Half the men of the city." A man was in jail under sentence of death for killing another under the influence of a boy who stood in the same relation to him that Helen did to Paris. At Seetapore we saw a mosque built by a courtesan with her vicious earnings, and near it an expensive tomb in which her honored remains lie. This is the more remarkable, as Mohammedans do not agree as to the possibility of a woman entering heaven. The houris are celestial females, and the faithful who gain paradise are spoken of in the Koran as masculine. At Calcutta the courtesans have petitioned the Governor, setting forth that they perform services connected with the popular religion, and they ask that their rights be protected. A Brahmin expressed the opinion that there are not two men in India who have not violated the seventh commandment. Fakerees are consulted as confessors, and often meddle in domestic disputes and lead to the separation of families, while some of the lower class consider it an honor for these holy men to take sinful liberties in their households. The sacred books of the Hindoos limit the learning of females to three things—sweeping the house, cooking food, and ornamenting their persons. Widows can not remarry, and must eat but one meal a day, sleep on the ground, and do the drudgery of the house. Children are often treated with neglect and cruelty, and sometimes repay the unkindness by exposing their parents on the banks of the Ganges. Such are only a few of the enormities practiced here.

FALLEN.

BY FELICIA H. ROSS.

THE lute-like voice of Peace was in the land,
The cannon slept, the sword to scabbard clung;
When seeking thee I trod the lakelet's strand,
With its green fringe of fern-fronds overhung;
I wandered through the brake, and down the hill,
But bloomless briars ran riot in thy grot,
Knee-deep in mosses stood the hoary mill;
Yet, ah! I found thee not.

There was no listerpe to the minstrel beck
That kissed the red-lipped roses, by thy door,
No glint of golden hair upon a neck,
Like yellow stamens in a lily's core:
But such a bitter truth was told me there—
My poor, lost love, what cruel words they said!
It had been joy, I thought in my despair,
If I had found thee dead!

In vain I sought from city mart to mart,
Lured by a fair hand on a window-sill,
In some light laugh woke echoes in my heart—
Ah, how the old love wrestles with me still!
And if, at length, I learned to deem thee dead,
Dead in thy innocence, and girlish truth,
With sweet, wild roses trailing o'er thy head,
'T was less in woe than ruth.

Poor Magdalen, is trust so little worth?
God knows, I loved thee fervently and long;
I could have dared the wildest woes of earth,
With thine unbroken truth to make me strong:
In starry bivouac, and contested field,
I bore the memory of thy whispered words;
And heard them in the matins, loudly pealed
By southward-flying birds.

There was no doubt in all my thoughts of thee,
If death had touched me, I had died in hope
That those sweet, violet eyes would weep for me,
As I lay resting on some sunny slope.
After the toilsome march, the mad affray,
Methinks such cherished resting had been sweet:
But thou hast fallen, and I tread my way
Alone, with bleeding feet.

When dandelions whitened into down
In the old church yard, in a Spring agone,
I found a mound of earth, new turned and brown,
And knew whose weary hands it lay upon.
'T was thus my wand'ring love came back to me,
With pulseless heart she came to keep her tryst,
Repentant: ah! will this poor sinner be
Rejected of her Christ?

Great God, my life is like a rose that's crushed
In the first vigor of its growth and bloom;
The bee that hummed within my heart is hushed,
My love is dead; but like a rich perfume
From faded petals, may my prayer ascend
And mingle with the praises of thy saints;
O hearken, if I cry, before the end,
"Help, Lord, thy servant faints!"

MARRIED PEOPLE.

BY MRS. JENNIE F. WILLING.

AS the race approaches the acme of its culture, it weighs more accurately the subtle, impalpable forces that make or mar human destiny. I suppose electricity has been playing its astonishing pranks through matter ever since "the beginning;" but only in these latter days have men been found bold and nimble enough to track the lightnings to their lair, learn their habits, bind and master them. So of all elemental powers. Men cowered like scared children, imagining that demons were let loose upon the world, when the winds wrenched up the forest trees, the ocean lashed the rocks in rage, or the earthquake stalked forth in might. So of moral forces. They have surged hither and thither. Peoples have risen in strange wrath, and hurled themselves upon each other, as when storm-scourged seas do meet, strength to strength—mad mobs, crushing and crushed. Philosophic thought has reeled and staggered in its desperate wrestling with this mystery. Christian insight, going in back of the fearful outworkings, the unloosings of force in matter and mind, and laying its hand upon the secret springs of power, is gaining the mastery. In the stillness of the thinker's workroom, have been wrought out those small, wondrous mechanisms that pierce the ocean's heart with electric nerves, that bridge its abysmal deserts, that send the lightnings on errands, and make the firebrand a patient slave. Here are born those potencies that thrust back to their dens fateful War and Pestilence. Right thinking has conquered matter, and is bringing order out of moral chaos.

They of the elder time, who used to "get out of their bodies to think"—the best of them gave their lives to this question of the moral renovation of the race. They move our pity, those peerless men, as they stand gazing down the ages, their "calm, slow eyes" fixed tirelessly on this unyielding problem. They wrought bravely upon it; planning reforms of physical, mental, and social life, of law, of art, of letters; stumbling, as thinkers so often do, over the very simplicity of the proper formula. The mainspring of a renovated civilization is the culture of right homes. Aristotle nearly found it. He declares the family the type of the state. It is the meter of its purity, which is its power. In the *modus operandi* of its purifying, the mighty pagan failed. In the Bible of the Christian alone is found the healing of the fountain of social activities—the home. A

marked difference between paganism and Christianity is in the relative position of the sexes. Among savages the wife is a slave—an object of barter. The Greeks and Romans, at their best, thought it indecent for her to participate in esthetic and philosophic conversation with her husband's guests. The Jews said, "Let the words of the law be burned rather than trusted to a woman." In Catholic Europe, though now and then a woman has broken through restraint, and made her mark in the world of letters, yet the rule has been to exclude her from the arena of sober thought—to make her a dainty plaything; something to write verses about, and break skulls for, but by no means a helper, an equal of the stouter sex. To reformed Christianity, Anglo-Saxon Protestantism, belongs the glory of bringing out the true theory upon this matter—the lever that is to pry the world up out of its ruts, and lift it toward the light.

The equality of the sexes is a vexed question. Plenty of nonsense has been written and uttered upon both sides. Its logical adjustment, I apprehend, is among the impossibles, as it is based upon the comparison of things that may not be compared. As well attempt to measure, mathematically, the difference between color and sound—the fragrance of roses and the sheen of stars.

The home is the school of civilization. The permanence of the home is based upon marriage. Marriage is of God. Jehovah united the first pair. He said, "It is not good that the man should be alone." So he put him to sleep, and awakened him to the happiness of shared work and joy. Christ wrought his first miracle to add to the pleasure of a wedding-feast. The chief apostle pronounces marriage "honorable." Marriage is necessary to completeness of character. We each need to have another nature, possessing the qualities we lack, united to us, to become a part of us. The timid need the courage of the strong; the courageous need the gentleness of the weak; one dares, another trusts. Joined, each supplements the other, perfecting the united being.

I think God's idea of marriage is given in the mating of the first pair. The Record says, "In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made he him—male and female created he them; and called their name Adam." As if the primal perfect man were of a dual nature; his character rounded out on all sides; no masculine vigor unsoftened by feminine gentleness, but strength and tenderness tempering each other. God did not create the woman as he did the man. He took her out of the side of the man; that is, he clothed in separate flesh

the gentler and more esthetic part of his nature, that it might stand palpably beside him, "to be a helpmeet for him"—a part of him—bone of his bone—life of his life—mutual help. There you have it. A blending of forces, a tracing against outside pressure by leaning toward each other, a joining of hands under burdens. The added efficiency of this arrangement is incalculable. And yet, how has sin wrenched and warped this thought of the good God! How few pairs illustrate this idea of married life! And what worlds of mischief grow out of this prime mistake! I will not speak now of those mismatched people who are fastened together for convenience, or by pride, or diplomacy, or avarice; who, as blunt old Dr. Clark affirms, are living in legalized adultery. There are multitudes of married people who have never realized, in their wedded life, the happiness that they anticipated; who, if they dared confess honestly this secret conclusion, would prefer to undo the whole thing, and be free again. At least, we may so judge, from the indifference and coldness they use toward each other. You can almost tell the number of their married years by measuring the distance that has grown between them. What a disappointment! In their early dreams, their united life was to be a garden, where trees of strength should shelter, and plants of beauty medicine weariness. But instead, it stretches blank, empty, arid, a Dead Sea of indifference, its shores bearing only thorns and apples of Sodom. They are obliged to speak across this desert every day, to arrange matters pertaining to the mammon part of life, the physical. Now and then they may meet worshipping the same God, and get a glimpse of each other, that draws them a little nearer. Then they drift apart again. God winds sweet child-loves about each heart, to bind it to the other. If this fails, he may bid them clasp hands in the aching silence beside a little grave. Yet after all, they will grow farther apart: he married to his business or his ambition; she to her housekeeping, or fashions, or babies—both of them grossly guilty of breaking the marriage covenant. So far from each other, that all those little eye-glances, and hand-touches, whispered words, and "small sweet courtesies," that were to have been the dessert of each day's solid fare, are quite forgotten, or only remembered to be laughed at as school-boy poetry, or sighed over in secret, as are the skeletons of perished hopes. So the years wear on. They grow old and die; strangers ever to each other's real life, and all unaware of the strength and happiness that might have been theirs, if they had lived and loved as married people ought.

But this negative starving is not the worst danger. The domestic domain is left open for Satan to bring in his brood of lawless loves, to poison the hungry social life. Often when a man's affections wander wickedly, his wife is to blame, being self-centered, or cold, or positively hateful; and *vice versa*.

Another great harm is, where parents are frigid, the loves of the household are frost-bitten. The children suffer an irreparable loss. Love is born only of love. No marble-front mausoleums can make up the lack of heart warmth. From these frozen staying-places, the daughters hurry off in hopes to find what ought to have been supplied them at home—only to repeat their mother's mistake, and be made up early into domestic mummies, their only boast a costly embalming; and the sons are easily lured into the byways to hell. One of the most audacious heresies of this latter time is the attack upon marriage. Mormons, spiritists, communists, freeloists, with their vile kith and kin, are insidiously undermining the social structure. No where do these find easier prey than in families where each is turning his burry side toward the rest. Married people can not afford to quarrel with, and freeze each other, when every dagger and every icicle that falls between them will come up, like the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus, a hateful, malignant spoiler. It is so much easier to indulge a captious, petulant spirit, than to draw rein on it. It requires so much less effort to let those miserable weeds, fault-finding, ill temper, snappishness, surliness, grow, than to face the matter fairly, own the fault, and get the Good Gardener to root them from the soil. So people live along, neglecting these "little foxes," till they have spoiled all the vines; and their house is left unto them desolate. They have helped their children into good social positions. They have a handful of paltry dollars to will them, but they have *robbed* them of what never can be restored—the kindness, the memories, the culturing influence of true home love.

There is a number of reasons why so many married people do not live agreeably. One is, they expect too much of each other; that is, they expect what is impossible to realize in this out-of-joint world. Disappointed in this, they let slip that which would be far better than what they have set their fancy upon. A queer fashion is in vogue in regard to getting married, and no trifle of this mischief is chargeable to it. There is no end to the thinking and talking about the matter. Some authors, catalogued "brilliant," have written little else. If a pencil were drawn across every line bear-

ing upon this theme penned by some poets, little would be left unmarked.

Sculpture, painting, music, have been pressed into the service of drawing the young toward the eden of wedded life. But somehow, when they have passed the gate, and the affair begins to settle into the prosiness of every-day life, and those esthetic helps to patient love are most needed, they fail. As if the glory and pomp, banners and music, should haunt a man night and day till his name was on the muster roll, and then leave him, uncheered, unhelped, through stupid camp-life and wearing campaigns. During a decade of the most susceptible young years, through these influences, this glamor, married life is made to appear the *ne plus ultra* of happiness. But when the congratulations are over, the cake eaten, and the flowers faded, the newly-joined pair are left to adjust themselves to each other and their new surroundings, as best they may. They find themselves thrust out of the moonlight into the matter-of-fact day of drudgery. "To work" is the verb they must conjugate now, in all its moods and tenses; whereas, they thought to loiter sunnily through "to enjoy." The fiction-steeped ambrosia and nectar sour. The cream of life is only bitter whey; and here they are—fast for a lifetime—wrecked by a charming blunder. This conclusion, do you see, is as wrong as were their azure and gold expectations. They may swing back to a sensible view of the case. Some people never do, though.

Young folks ought to go through their courtship with their eyes open. The blind Cupid is a pretty myth for poets, but not the thing to risk one's happiness for a lifetime upon. When a young man fancies that he is marrying perfection, we, who are looking on, and know better, are certain of the disagreeable awaking that awaits him. Knowing the tendency of human nature to extremes, we quite expect him to take a tilt in the opposite direction, and underrate the lady as resolutely as he has overrated her. It works in that way if we are disappointed in any friend. We proceed at once to mark him as much too low, as we had him too high before. I think much of the after evil might be turned aside, if young people would use a little common-sense, just here. Let the young man understand that his lady-love, though quite as angelic as it is proper for his wife to be, is simply human after all, made of about the same material as the mother, who bothers him with her good advice, and cries because he does n't heed it; or the sister, whom he sets off into "the pouts," now and then, with his willful teasing ways. The same human

stuff, only more susceptible to your little contrarities, sir—more easily hurt. Your mother knows you are growing away from her. Your sister comforts herself secretly, in her pet, that she'll have some one to love her some day, who'll not provoke her so; but this woman understands that there is no decent getting out of the reach of your burriness, except to die.

Some people set out with right notions, but they are prodigal of each other's love and patience. Like that young "petroleum prince" whose balloon collapsed the other day, they take it for granted the supply is exhaustless. To be sure it required assiduous effort to bring the affair to its present delicious *status*; but, then, it is happily adjusted at last. The knot is tied, and now they may be as heedless of those little attentions and politenesses they were so profuse of a few months ago, as they choose to be. The graduate who lays aside his books when he takes his diploma is a failure. The general who encamps in an enemy's land, careless of connection with his base of supplies, will presently find himself in an unenviable position. The young Christian who congratulates himself that he has nothing to do now but sing and rejoice, will soon find that he has little left to rejoice over. So the man who thinks his courtship ends with the bridal "yes," or the woman who backslides into the slipshod and sour, when the husband is fairly caught, is sure to wreck domestic happiness.

Sometimes, after marriage, one sets so resolutely about bringing the other over to his or her social, political, or religious notions, that there is a clashing and a jangle before they know it. It is well to be firm in matters of conscience; but it is often the case, even with right-minded people, that differences of opinion result from prejudices of education, and are merely superficial. Very often diverse views, advanced with caution and candor, will be found not to differ in essence. Where there is a radical divergence, that can be adjusted only by deep thought or long study, let it be fenced about as unapproachable territory. There is no use in arguing. It will only estrange and so weaken both. The one who lives best will win in the long run.

There are those who were at first rightly mated, but they are not happy together. There was no room to doubt the genuineness of their regard. They seemed suited to each other; yet, from some cause, their married life has not been what they thought it would be—what they know it ought to be. If the eye of such a one rests upon this page, let me whisper you it is not too late to remedy the evil. Let me

entreat you to make the effort, as you value the wellbeing of your children, and the happiness of your own old years. The home love may have been cut down by your frosty indifference. It may be a dozen years since it leafed as at first, but its roots are alive, and with the right care it will spring up again. Let there be an understanding, an explanation, if practicable. Let each decide to begin anew, to live as people ought, asking help of the good God. It will be something of an undertaking—much harder than to have kept on the right course at first. The force of habit is against you. You are less mobile in character, but *it can be done, and it will pay*. Perhaps the mutual love has been so long suppressed its very existence is doubtful. Then act upon the hypothesis of its latent life, as if you love each other. Try the effect of the little courtesies that drew you together at first—the confidences, the silent deferring to each other's preferences. Before marriage, if one entered a room where the other was, the greeting was a kind look, a smile, a word of welcome. Try it now. No matter how annoyed or worried you are, if one comes in whom it is to your interest to please, you can smooth your face, and put on a smile at once. You can not measure the interests that are at stake in this matter. You two are yoked together inseparably for weal or woe, "as long as you both shall live." Your united life may be a bond of strength, a source of tireless pleasure, or, like the robe steeped in the blood of Nessus, it may be a cureless, deathful galling.

You were deceived in your choice? The probability is you are better mated than you think; and if you were free, you would do about the same thing again. At any rate, your only chance is to make the best of the case. You may thaw the iciness, and find it only a crust of reticence, over a warm, quick heart. The peevishness that provokes you may be only the querulousness of hunger, for which no one is so much to blame as yourself. Do not be too chary of your commendations. Some are so afraid of spoiling their friends by inflaming their vanity, they will never tell them the good they think of them. They can criticise, and censure, and parade faults with homilies attached, but a right good unqualified word of praise would choke them, one would think. Husbands and wives fail very often in this. I would not have you flatter each other; that would be harmful to both. But if one does a good thing, let the other show that it is appreciated—the satisfaction it gives, acknowledged ungrudgingly. I believe more people are helpfully humbled by straightforward approval of

their efforts to do right, than by scolding and fault-finding. Men will boast to others of their wives' achievements, and yet feel bound to preserve a discreet reticence upon the subject to the ones most interested; who, perchance, are at the despair point, because they "amount to so little"—staggering under the burden of fancied incompetency, needing so sorely just that little prop of encouragement.

Some people are trained to think they must put on their best coat and kid gloves when they speak of religious experience; so, too, of their love for their friends. They walk icily side by side, till one hangs over the dying bed of the other. Then, when there is little use in it, the pent stream bursts forth. The wealth intended for use all those past years, but kept locked away in secret while the heart hungered so bitterly, is brought out when it is all too late.

A home where Christ rules is a little remnant of Eden. The benediction of God shines vertically upon it. It is a power in the evangelization of the race; an armory where God's soldiers are equipped. Let Christian homes be pure, and full of love, and this jangling world must soon be conquered.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

A BABY at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-winged butterflies—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Glad'ning the eye that looks on her—
So sweet is beauty's face.

A softly-blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words—
So sweet is maiden's love.

A white-robed virgin, kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever join'd two hearts and hands—
So sweet are marriage vows.

A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born, beautiful boy,
Forever hers till death shall part—
So sweet a mother's joy.

The matron in life's Autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees—
So rich is Autumn's store.

ITALY AND VENICE;
OR, THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC AND HER
NUPTIALS.

BY REV. O. M. SPENCER, D. D.

ITALY is no longer, as affirmed by diplomats of the Metternich school, a "mere geographical expression." Henceforth she is a power. A new era is dawning upon her; an era, we trust, of peace, of internal development and improvement, commercially, socially, and morally. She is arousing herself as from a terrible nightmare. Frightful specters stalk across the stage of her past history—specters of the Visconti, the Sforzas, and the Council of Ten. The conflict of centuries is closed. Despite the vaticinations of political prophets a grand future appears to be opening up in clear perspective before her. She will now have an opportunity of demonstrating to the world, that, possessed of a fervid imagination and a keen susceptibility for all that is beautiful in literature and art, the Italians are equal to the practical demands of political affairs. With the Quadrilateral in one hand and Venice in the other, Italy ceases to be a ward. She has broken away from the leading-strings of foreign tutelage, and will be henceforth the mistress of her own destiny. Even Austria now formally recognizes her, while Germany, her hereditary foe, grows a benediction as she retires beyond the Alps.

Preëminent among those who have acted a prominent part in this great political regeneration, are Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, the representatives respectively of the intellect, the sentiment, and the conscience of Italy. Cavour played the most prominent part in the cabinet, Garibaldi in the field, and Mazzini in the club-room and café. Each possessed peculiar qualifications for his respective mission, and none of them in a more eminent degree than the lamented Cavour, whose untimely death has proved a European calamity. Patient, intrepid, astute, and impenetrable—of a broad and comprehensive vision, a powerful induction, a clearness of view and a precision of aim, joined to a practical sense that appeared almost intuitive—nature, as well as Providence, had evidently designated him as the man for the times. In some respects a singular combination of strange contradictions, even these seemed to contribute to his final success. Moderate in his pretensions, though inexhaustible in his resources, he was a pronounced radical notwithstanding his conservative dress. Persevering and laborious in spite of constitutional procliv-

ities, he was powerful in persuasion, though he spoke boldly and wrote with difficulty. An iconoclast rather than an organizer, he aided progress by the removal of barriers to a natural development, and built up new systems by demolishing old. Devoid of brilliancy, almost prosaic, this extraordinary man has fascinated Europe by the mere force and simplicity of his genius, and when even hope was dead, inspired faith in a resurrected and united Italy, because he inspired faith in himself.

Cavour is the Cuvier of politics. From a single fragment of a dead and dismembered empire, he has constructed a united and living whole. He has annexed Italy to Piedmont—a kingdom to a province. He commenced with the reform both of the Church and State, and has ended with the unification of the one and the abolition of the temporal power of the other.

And now another act is just completed in the grand political drama. Venice is united to Italy; and what a transfiguration! Who that knew the Venice of yesterday would recognize the Venice of to-day! Her tear-stained past reads like a tragic romance, the jubilant present like a bewildering fairy tale. Then she was chanting a miserere, now she is shouting her vivats. Then she was treading her *via Dolorosa*, now she holds high carnival. But yesterday, and she was a captive queen, beautiful as Venus though tearful as Niobe, crownless and voiceless in the midst of her desolation. To-day liberated, redeemed, and triumphant, she awaits, as a bride adorned for her husband, her final coronation. Then to avoid the Austrian, the Venetian *beau monde* renounced the opera and the carnival, and deserted the promenades of St. Mark and the arcades of the Florian; but now they are thronged with the beauty and elegance of the city whose enthusiasm knows no bounds, and who revel in a delirium of joy. Even the emblematical "Bridge of Sighs" has been transformed into a triumphal arch, while the magna charta of their liberties is proclaimed from the judgment-seat of the "Council of Ten."

The public rejoicings which have attracted foreigners from all parts of Europe and converted Venetian life into one continuous holiday, were inaugurated by the triumphal entry, on the 19th of October, of the Italian troops. For days the city had been in a ferment in anticipation of the joyful event. On all sides was heard the note of preparation. As the Austrians retire Venice appears suddenly transformed, and every visible trace of the domination of the foreigner vanishes as if by magic. The

Austrian coat of arms is every-where obliterated and substituted by the Italian. Streets renounce their former names and suddenly assume those of "Via Garibaldi" or "Strada Vittoria Emanuele." Proscribed Garibaldini, with their red caps and shirts, emerge from their hiding-places, while Garibaldi's head appears in every shop-window, and may be had for a soldo.

The troops entered the city in three columns by three different routes. But the scene which presented itself along the Grand Canal was the center of attraction. The day was a right royal one. The beautiful tricolors every-where kindled in the sunlight. Rich brocades, costly damasks, and Gobelin tapestries were lavishly displayed from the marble fronts of the grand old palaces, while excited multitudes thronged the windows and balconies, and crowded together upon the quays, the bridges, and the house-tops. As the long, dark column of black barges moved slowly and steadily down the canal, preceded by the civic authorities and national guards with bands of music, the troops, greeted on all sides with shouts of "Viva l'Italia," "Viva l'armata Italiana," responded with equal warmth and enthusiasm, "Viva la Venezia." But when the converging lines of troops enter the Piazza of St. Mark, the wildest enthusiasm is merged into the profoundest feeling. All ceremony, all distinctions were alike forgotten. Women with children in their arms ran out to welcome them and laughed hysterically; old men, who had witnessed 1797 and 1812, embraced each other and wept; faith was lost in full fruition. As the Italian tricolor was hoisted upon the standards of St. Mark, where once floated the triple *gonfalons* of the republic, amid the ringing of bells and the thunder of cannon, it was the signal for a general outburst of joy. Italian flags flutter out under the influence of this first breath of freedom like butterflies upon a bright Spring morning. The magic monosyllable *si*, which was soon to become so omnipotent in pronouncing the nation's will, now became as omnipresent. Printed upon slips of paper, it depended from the button-hole. It was inserted in the hat-band as a cockade, or worn upon the breast as a decoration, while excited men and children shouted it along the streets.

Soon the tricolor was in full bloom. Ladies arranged their toilets and merchants their goods in honor of the flag. Servant girls and porters sported their paper rosettes. Every-where, from the humble *casetta* of the gondolier to the stately palace of the noble, from the simplest device of red, white, and green paper to the magnificent banners that floated from the flag-

staff of St. Mark, appeared some appropriate motto or decoration. Some of these were peculiarly touching—the simple offerings of the poor—reminding one forcibly of the poor widow and her mite. Such was that of a poor cobbler in an unfrequented square, whose patriotic heart prompting him to do more than his limited means would allow, purchased three sheets of red, white, and green paper, and arranging them in the order of the flag, placed them over his humble door with this simple inscription, "O, my dear Italy, I wish, but am not able, to do more for thee!"

At night the brilliant illuminations in every quarter of the city prolong the day. Unusual sights are succeeded by no less unusual sounds. Garibaldi's hymn greets the ear at every corner. The bands play it, hand-organs repeat it, and children sing it as they elbow their way along the crowded thoroughfares; and now in the "wee short hours," when the tumult of the city has subsided into comparative repose, a Neapolitan chorus or an Italian bugle sounds out from barracks, where but yesterday you heard only the wild, plaintive songs of Croat or Hungarian.

And then came the plebiscite. To be united to Italy or not, under the constitutional monarchy of Victor Emanuel, was the question to be settled by a categorical yes or no, *si* or *non*. There were to be no side issues—no explanatory votes. When the day arrived for exercising the freeman's privilege, a deep and profound feeling, coupled with a fixed determination to do their duty, pervaded all classes of citizens; old age leaned tremblingly upon its staff and tottered to the polls; cripples crept out upon their crutches, while invalids were carried in the arms of their friends; boys, the heirs expectant of a beard, who were debarred from the privilege of voting on account of their youth, shouted out an affirmative as they walked along the streets, while women, who could neither shout nor vote, in view of their sex, looked on and smiled approvingly. Contrary to expectation, the utmost order and good feeling prevailed—an inconsiderate cry of, "Death to the Germans"—an occasional petard thrown into the court-yard of an obnoxious prelate, or the demolition of the decorations of a restaurant keeper suspected of Austrian sympathies; these were the only notable exceptions.

The result of the vote, six hundred and forty-one thousand in favor of the annexation of Venice to Italy, to sixty-eight against, is perhaps unparalleled for unanimity in the annals of the ballot-box. Doubtless beneath the surface of this popular enthusiasm for royalty,

there is a deep undercurrent of republican feeling—a silent sympathy for Mazzini—the volcanic elements, it may be, of a political revolution. But although the traditions of Venice are essentially republican, and there are many who desire the triumph of nationalities, not dynasties, even the Venetians themselves appear to recognize the fact that they are not prepared for a republican form of government.

The result of the plebiscite was proclaimed from a balcony of the Ducal Palace, by the President of the Court of Appeals, to a large and enthusiastic crowd in the Piazzetta below. The Italian fleet anchored in the harbor fired a royal salute. And thus amid salvos of artillery and the inspiring strains of the national hymn, the waving of hats, and handkerchiefs, and banners, the bans of marriage between King Victor Emanuel and the Queen of the Adriatic were proclaimed, and the new life for Venice inaugurated. From the enthusiastic shouts of the multitude it was evident that this is no *mariage de convenance*, and that the heart of the Venetian queen goes with her hand.

On the 4th of November the King, accompanied by the royal princes, and surrounded by his ministers and the dignitaries of State, received the deputation of Venetian syndics, who announced to him officially the result of the plebiscite. General Menabrea presented to his Majesty, in an appropriate address, the Iron Crown of Lombardy. The King who, as sovereign of a united Italy, can not consent to a double coronation, very promptly declined the proffered bauble, with the noble declaration that will endear him still more to the hearts of all true Italians: "To that diadem I prefer one still more near to me, that set forth in the affections of my people."

This rude symbol of sovereignty, so highly prized by the Italian Government that it is said to have paid the almost incredible sum of eighty-three millions of francs to get it out of pawn, consists of a narrow band of iron, believed to have been made from the nails of the cross, inclosed in a larger and broader band of gold enameled with flowers, and studded with jewels. Transmitted through a long line of four and twenty Lombard Kings, it has been held in veneration, in view of its supposed sacred origin, for more than a thousand years. Charlemagne was proud to wear it. Barbarossa prized it above his six other diadems, while Napoleon was pleased to place this rude and rusty circlet upon his imperial brow, as he exclaimed, "God has given it to me, woe to him that touches it!"

Thus while Germany, as one of the results

of the late war, furnishes the spectacle of kings without a crown, Italy presents the anomaly of a crown without a king to wear it, or even a pretender. Henceforth it will be no longer a symbol of sovereignty, but a venerable relic, a rich national heirloom.

On the 7th the King made his solemn entry into Venice. The progress of the royal train from Milan was the occasion of one continued ovation. At Verona, Vincenza, Padua, and other points along the route, deputations of citizens waited upon his Majesty to present to him the congratulations of the people, who every-where received him with the wildest demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm. About noon the arrival of the King was announced by the guns of the Venetian forts, whose echoes thrilled along the excited nerves of the expectant city like an electric shock. He was welcomed at the station by the civil and military authorities, and then conducted to the royal gondola amid the loud acclamations of an immense concourse of citizens and foreigners, who, in anticipation of his coming, had collected not only from every province of Italy, but from all parts of Europe.

As the royal galley, richly decorated with carvings and gildings, its crimson velvet canopy lined with azure and embroidered in gold, moved slowly out into the Grand Canal, surrounded by gayly-decorated barges, bearing the ministers of State, the diplomatic corps, with the representatives of the various provinces, and followed by a fleet of innumerable gondolas, a scene was presented, which, for pomp and splendor, was worthy of the palmiest days of the republic. One was forcibly reminded of the imposing ceremonies attendant upon the annual espousal of Venice with the Adriatic, when the doge, decorated with all the insignia of his power, and surrounded by the dignitaries of the State, sat enthroned upon the deck of the noble Bucentaur, which, accompanied by thousands of gayly-decorated gondolas, moved majestically out toward the high seas amid the shouts of the populace, the ringing of bells, the thunder of cannon, and the inspiring strains of the national airs, where the doge, throwing into the Adriatic a golden ring, pronounced in Latin these significant words: "Sea, we wed thee in token of true and perpetual sovereignty."

This festival, which was celebrated with more or less pomp from the time of the reconciliation of Barbarossa with the Pope, to the subversion of Venetian independence, was reenacted, *mutatis mutandis*, upon the solemn entry of the King. One would fain have believed that the Bucentaur, so intimately associated with the

glory of the State, had Phoenix-like arisen from her ashes to share in the triumphs of her glorious resurrection; while the shouts that greeted his Majesty on every side might have stirred the ashes of blind old Dandolo from their long repose in the sacred precincts of St. Sophia. It was a spectacle worth crossing the continent to see. As the royal cortege moved slowly down the Grand Canal the scenes of the military pageant of the 19th of October were reenacted, if possible, with greater splendor. From the bridges and the quays, and from the crowded balconies of the palaces, whose marble fronts were adorned with whatever was costly and beautiful, there arose one continuous storm of applause, while a perfect shower of flowers and garlands, woven by fair hands and freighted with the benedictions of grateful hearts, fell upon the royal gondola. But it was not the splendid galley with its sculptured forms and costly ornaments, nor the picturesque costume of its score or more of rowers, upon which all eyes were centered. Beneath the crimson canopy from whence floated the royal ensign, amid the heavy folds of the parted drapery, stood the King in general's uniform, and with head uncovered. There was no mistaking that broad, honest face, which prints, busts, and portraits in almost every household and shop-window have rendered so familiar. It was, as the Italians delight to call him, the *Re Galantuomo*—honest, and true, and faithful to his word.

On landing at the Piazzetta, the King received the apostolic benediction pronounced by the cardinal or patriarch, and then proceeded to the Cathedral of St. Mark. Here, seated under a canopy prepared for Napoleon, when he made his triumphal entry into the city more than half a century before, beneath the gilded domes of the old basilica, amid the pealing notes of the organ and the clash of brazen instruments, he joined in the solemn chant of "*Te Deum laudamus*," and thus did the Church, though entertaining a secret hostility to the King and his Government, sanction with sacred rites and imposing ceremonies the almost unanimous verdict of the people.

And so the noble work, which was inaugurated by Cavour for the regeneration and unification of Italy, goes on. That there are no elements of disaffection and discord to retard and even imperil its further progress, it would be idle to affirm. The Roman question remains to be settled. A hostile hierarchy brooding over its real or fancied wrongs in secret is yet to be conciliated. Disappointed place-hunters, who have anticipated some cozy snuggery, where there was good pay and but little to do,

or holiday soldiers who have dreamed of the paradise of a pension, will plot and counterplot for a new and different order of things. Even here in Venice, amid all this popular display, are heard occasional murmurings of discontent. With the poorer classes it is a question of *polenta** versus patriotism, for already provisions and rents have advanced. The cock in *Æsop* scratched a pearl into the light of day, and affirmed that to him it was less valuable than a grain of millet seed. And so with some who imagine that liberty is a vast cornucopia, and who really believed that on the advent of Victor Emanuel ready-roasted larks would fall from the sky. Such occasionally betray symptoms of disappointment because they have already learned that it costs more to live under a free than a despotic form of government, while they have yet to learn the cause of this, namely, that labor, which is the basis of all values, is also higher, and that while the cost of living may be doubled, the price of labor will be trebled or quadrupled.

The week succeeding the royal entry was for the King one uninterrupted ovation, for the Venetians one continuous holiday. Wherever his Majesty made his appearance—in the piazza, on the Grand Canal, in the public galleries, or at the theater—he was welcomed by the plaudits of the people. At times he was evidently moved by these spontaneous outbursts of popular feeling more than by the solemn pageantry of his official reception. As there are no horses in Venice save those of bronze, surmounting the central portal of St. Mark, the King, when not in a gondola, must needs go afoot, or ride the horses of St. Francis, "*andar sul cavallo di San Francesco*," as the Italian proverb has it. This subjected his Majesty occasionally to a little good-natured jostling from the crowd, but it brought him in closer contact with the great heart of the people, and by no means detracted from his popularity.

But time would fail to speak at length of the various festivities of this holiday week—of the balls, the masques, the court receptions, the royal excursions, and the brilliant illuminations. Even the Venetians themselves must have grown weary of this continual round of pleasure and excitement. On Sunday, which is the great fete day in Italy, there was a regatta of gondolas upon the Grand Canal, which those who witnessed it described as well worthy of the best days of Venice. In the evening the illuminations, which had been repeated night

*A kind of hasty pudding made of chestnut flour or Indian meal.

after night since the entry of the Italian troops, reached their culmination. The whole city was bathed in a flood of light. Never did Venice, in the zenith of her glory, present a more brilliant spectacle. St. Mark's glittered like the enchanted palace of Armida. The lofty campanile, radiant with its flambeaux and festoons of flame, appeared to illuminate the whole heavens. The noble basilica, its mosque-like domes decorated with the national colors in Bengal lights, with tower and arch, capital and column, arcade and portico traced out in a rich blazonry of flame, glittered in Oriental magnificence. *Candelabra a bouquet* were interspersed throughout the piazza, while the cipher and coat of arms of the King appeared at intervals around the square, flashing with jewels of light the national colors in emeralds, rubies, and brilliants. The harbor, too, presented a most charming spectacle. The shadowy forms of numerous gondolas, with bands of music, flaming torches, and silken trains, flitting to and fro amid the illuminated shipping, where hull, and mast, and spar were traced in fiery outline, altogether presented a fairy scene that could only find its counterpart in some Eastern fable or Arabian Night's extravaganza.

And thus terminates one of the grandest periods of modern history. There still remains the Roman question, the fifth and last act of this political drama, which will probably find a peaceful solution. While none dare predict what complications may arise on the maturity of the September convention, there is no doubt but that the Italian Government will faithfully observe its solemn compacts. What Italy now most needs in order to achieve a glorious future, is not the Roman capital, nor mighty armaments, nor standing armies; but a wise and moderate statesmanship, an enlightened public policy, the recuperation of her finances, the encouragement of her commerce, the development of her vast material resources, the dissemination of popular education, and, not least of all, the reconciliation of local antagonisms. In a word, she requires a political, social, and moral regeneration—a baptism of fire, in which to fuse and then consolidate into one homogeneous and coherent whole the diverse elements of the fragmentary past, and thus be more fully prepared to meet the grave responsibilities of the present, and to anticipate the grand possibilities of the future.

THE best way to do good to ourselves is to do it to others; the right way to gather is to scatter.

CHRIST'S CUP.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

I PRAY not now, as I have done,
Let this cup pass from me;
But O thou weeper, sad and lone,
In fair Gethsemane,
I thank thee that I worthy am
To drink this cup with thee.

Worthy to drink with thee? ah no!
O, all unworthy I,
Upon the turf thy feet have pressed
To praying, weeping, lie,
To touch the cup thy fingers blessed,
Or e'en thy death to die.

But thine own hand unto my soul
Applied the needed test,
Thy hand unto my shrinking lips
The brimming chalice pressed;
T was bitter, bitter, Lord, but soon
I knew the draught was blessed.

Blest by thy love—sweet for thy sake,
This cup of thine shall be,
When'er thy loving hand, O Christ!
Shall pass it unto me—
When Sorrow's holy sacrament
Thou biddest me drink with thee.

O cup of Christ! not ever more
The bitter draught is thine;
For thee there grows on Zion's hill
A rare and fruitful vine,
From out whose golden grapes shall flow
A pure and luscious wine,
And in the Father's kingdom fair
Thy sweetness shall be mine.

THE ONLY NAME.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

BETRAYED, forsaken, wounded, sore,
And sick to death with many a sin,
I trust the treach'rous world no more;
Open, strait gate, and let me in.

Where is the Fountain, full and free,
Which flows with living, cleansing blood;
That dear, sweet blood was shed for me,
And I will plunge me in its flood.

Talk not to me of goodness gained
By culture, or by human will,
Only the righteousness of Christ
The measure of my need can fill.

My best is "filthy rags," I know,
Condemned as worthless e'en by me,
Whose eyes are dim, whose thoughts are low—
O God, what must it be to thee?

Away, presumptuous schemes of man!
No peace nor comfort can ye bring;
From you I turn, with hate and ban,
To Christ and his dear cross to cling.

CHATS ABOUT THE ITINERANCY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

NUMBER III.

"AND so, dear auntie, you moved from that lovely solitude to a place among friends." The lady smiled at her young companion's eager question, but she answered slowly.

"Really, Annie, I do not know. I have never been quite able to satisfy myself on that point. We went to a large parish in a fine inland town, too far from our beautiful home by the river to admit of even occasional visits. We were cordially received, and there was no lack of those little thoughtful attentions that so materially brighten the itinerancy. Yet for some months we had the feeling of being on exhibition, like the images in a museum; and all the rest of the people were outside spectators; and they seemed to be curiously waiting to see what we would do.

"During the first five months I had as much as I could do to keep from being frightened to death. The old parsonage having been condemned as small and inconvenient, had been sold, and while the new one was being built we were domiciled in what had been a splendid house a century ago, but was now a mass of ruins. I have always had a romantic taste for ruins in books, and also a hearty sympathy for the enthusiastic tourist who finds his happiness in wandering about under a broiling sun or a pouring rain just to gaze at the moldy old concerns, but the more we looked at our ruins, the less we felt inclined to sentiment. 'Familiarity breeds contempt,' is a true saying now as ever.

"The few rooms that served us for a shelter were scarcely habitable, and the occasional falling of some distant part of the old building gave me a feeling as if the whole affair were just tumbling down over my head. There ought to have been mysterious trap-doors opening on dark stairways, leading downward to caverns where immense treasure had been stored, but I never found so much as a pot of gold in the garden. Our cooking-stove, dining-table, and bed were all in one room. It was quite a room in its way. It had been a grand drawing-room once, and in memory of its primeval greatness I gave a dinner party right in the middle of it. It was during a preachers' meeting in the place. No merrier party was ever assembled in the same apartment. The odd arrangements which we had adopted for convenience' sake were all noticed and admired, and some of the party seemed to think our sit-

uation quite enviable, though I do not know whether any would really have accepted it.

"'No place here for low spirits,' remarked one minister, as an unearthly bellow from a great frog-pond in the yard sounded in fitting response to some sage utterance of theology.

"A steady residence with us might have modified his opinion, though it was partly right so far as I was concerned. I was too often startled to admit of a persistent fit of the blues. Mice and rats raced across the floor where I sat in the afternoons at my work, and once a great snake put his head through the wall and hissed a good morning to us."

"O, dear! I should have died of fright. Auntie, did you live through it? What a place to live in! How would your people have liked it?"

"I suppose it never occurred to any of them to ask themselves that question."

"Do you call that living among friends?"

"I do not think any one then felt unkindly toward us. And, indeed, Annie, those few personal discomforts which I have always recalled with amusement, I did not then account trials. We soon found that there were graver causes of anxiety around us. There was a subtle, hardening influence at work in the place, which, at first, we could not understand. It crept in every-where and affected every body, crippling religious effort and silencing Christian reproof and exhortation. Money was plenty, but no blessing went with it, for, alas! it was made by growing tobacco and distilling gin. There was a shop for selling gin directly opposite the church-door, and the village graveyard crowded up close behind it.

"New-born babies were washed in rum, and their first taste of earthly things was a spoonful of sling. And I have been horrified, when watching beside the dying, to see their friends striving to allay the death pangs with a parting glass of the same. I remember how inexpressibly shocked my husband was at our first communion service, when gray-headed men, who were too tipsy to walk firmly, came forward and knelt at the altar to receive the consecrated wine at his hands. Afterward he absolutely refused to use the common wine on such occasions because of its stimulus. Of course he soon found that it was his duty to preach temperance."

"And did he?"

"Yes. It made him very unpopular. He expected that, and just made up his mind to suffer as well as to labor. Nothing else could be looked forward to, after he once comprehended the position of things."

"Auntie, how did you feel? Did n't you wish there was some way to get over the ground smoothly?"

"No. I felt proud to know that there was no argument plausible enough, no bribe costly enough to turn my husband from the path of duty when it once lay clear before him. There would be no effort to steal around the big lion in the way, or to pet the beast into quietude, but a manly facing of the evil. At first the rumsellers tried to buy his silence, and the Christian rum-drinkers expostulated humbly and, with tears, urged the claim of brotherly charity, but they soon found that remonstrance was useless.

"You will not get a living here unless you keep still," said one. "Your predecessors were as holy as you are, and they managed to get along with us," sneered another. "It will not advance your reputation as a minister to make a fuss in a large and influential Church like ours," warned a third. "You had better keep quiet." "No," answered my husband. "Because my account is to be rendered up at no earthly tribunal, but to the Master who gave me my commission to preach the Gospel." So he preached temperance sermons, and made his pastoral visits all subserve the one purpose. Especial drunkards, who were often carried to their homes so intoxicated as to be unable to walk, were brought to trial and expelled from the Church. Even this was accomplished with the greatest difficulty and in opposition to many really pious Church members, so long had the evil custom enslaved them, and so slow were they to believe that drunkenness is sin.

"The dead apathy of the people was soon quite broken up, and in its place was an active dislike of us that showed itself on every possible occasion. It was years ago, and you, my dear, would not be likely to care for the details of such petty persecution, even were it pleasant to recall them."

"But I hope, auntie," said the young girl earnestly, "that you will not pretend that you were happy there."

"I was not positively unhappy. No one can be that unless one is guilty of actual sin. And I think I would gladly again take up my abode in the old tumble-down house with all its drawbacks if I might so find my lost treasures again. I was very rich then, and not wholly insensible of my wealth either. The old rooms with their rats and snakes and great black spiders must be well stocked at this day with the jests and songs and merry laughter that we left in them. The queer juxtaposition of opposite things was often mirth provoking. You see that elegant

engraving—The Death-Bed of Wesley? It was the gift of a valued friend, and we wanted every evidence of friendship to be kept in sight."

"I can easily believe that."

"Well, just imagine it occupying a corner of that crumbling black wall and hanging over the flour barrel. I never molded better bread than when I had that picture to look at for inspiration. It took the commonness out of my employment to give it such surroundings."

"You had some company, I suppose. How did you contrive to 'sleep them?'"

"There was a chamber in tolerable preservation which had long been used as a corn-crib by the Shakers who owned the premises. The only way to reach it was to jump from another chamber across the broken stairs. This was our guest-chamber, and more than one clergyman of your acquaintance, Annie, has gone to bed laughing, and therefore sure of pleasant dreams, after making that rather ungraceful leap, not in, but over the dark."

"Please don't tell me another word about that appointment. I don't want to hear it mentioned again. Go on to the next place before I lose all my courage to itinerate."

"The next place was entirely different. A beautiful open country, a thriving business community, and a thoroughly-disciplined working Church—a sufficient salary promptly paid."

"And no disagreeables?"

"I do not say that. I have never yet met with a person whose lot was cast in Paradise. Every situation has its drawbacks. Why should the itinerant's lot be exempt from discomfort? I have no patience with some itinerants. Why, they profess to give up worldly ease and treasure for Christ's sake, and to be willing to endure hardness as good soldiers of the Cross. They should be stronger than their people in their holy aims and self-sacrifice. Instead of this they succumb before little difficulties which would have been borne unconsciously by the pioneer Methodists. They want to be shielded and petted like babies instead of inciting others to patient continuance in well-doing. Then, if all goes well, if the throat and the digestion do not fail, and the sensitive nervous organization is in no way shocked by rough contact with 'the great unwashed,' we may expect that 'there will be services as usual in the church next Sabbath.' The patient plodder in the next parish, who labors so faithfully though obscurely, is often quite eclipsed by such exquisites in saintly vesture. They are strangers to him, and they will never have the pleasure of his acquaintance either in this world or that which is to come."

"I like your ideas, auntie, and I think you would have got up capital lectures if public speaking had been your vocation. But just now, I confess to considerable curiosity in regard to the home provided for you by your model Church. You see I am 'of the earth, earthy.' My thoughts *will* dwell upon the creature comforts, the enjoyments of every-day life. Was the fitting to the new place accomplished easily? I can not understand yet how your household machinery could run so well in all sorts of unaccustomed grooves."

"And now you have directly built in your imagination a luxuriously-furnished air-castle for my habitation. Come down from the clouds, pretty eaglet of fancy! Let me give you a glimpse of the reality."

"The parsonage, long since sold to an enterprising Irishman and removed from the locality, was then the queerest specimen of architectural contrivance that was ever seen. It was planned by a minister, and so should have been a parsonage indeed, but it was an established opinion in that society that he had better have saved his genius to construct sermons. The church itself occupied the front of the yard in which the parsonage was built, and, saving the green blinds, the latter might have been mistaken for an accompanying outhouse. It was built on a little eminence, thereby securing a basement at the back; not a basement for a kitchen, but for a vestry. This was a damp, low room, seldom used for religious purposes in our time."

"The parsonage proper was on the top of the vestry, and had but one outside door. That was a front one, and you, Annie, are house-keeper enough to understand the inconvenience of being without any back entrance. We were in a populous village, and our front door was in plain sight from perhaps fifty dwellings."

"The principal room in the house was the kitchen, and it filled all the front, excepting a small narrow entrance hall, where the clerical architect had considerably built a sink with its spout threatening the church. That was now removed to a little closet which it quite filled, leaving no place any where for our victuals or a flour-barrel."

"How did you manage?"

"Easy enough. We just improvised a rough cupboard in the unused vestry, and, presuming that its ancient dedication to a holier use had long since worn off, we ventured to store our fuel and packing-boxes there also. A more serious difficulty soon suggested itself. The chimney smoked fearfully, unless the wind was in a certain infinitesimal corner, which it visited, on

an average, about three times a year. Then there was no study. Think of a parsonage designed by a minister with no study in it!"

"O dear! What a miserable place!"

"You are quite mistaken in your estimate of it. What were such trifles as these after our late experience? You forget the many cheering things that offset the few privations."

"Ah, well. Go on. What did you do to remedy the evils? Build a study in the vestry and turn the chimney the other end up?"

"No, but we got a mason to cure the chimney, and we built a study in the unfinished attic. There were two little snuggeries opening from the kitchen which were intended for sleeping-rooms, I suppose. Of one we made a tiny parlor, which answered very well for me, though I always laughed to see my husband's portly figure in it. It was like a little frame for a big picture. We found it a rather snug kind of housekeeping, to be sure, but we were soon happily settled and at home."

"You have told me very little about the actual movings, the packing and unpacking. Those have their *positive* discomforts, and I suspect that you are benevolently keeping them in the background."

"No, indeed. I liked the thorough overhauling of all our goods and chattels and the housecleaning. It was to me what Aunt Dinah's 'clearing-up time' was to her. We began life anew every time we moved. Not that every thing about our moving was rose color. I am afraid it would often have been a dark picture if our hopes had not colored it. The moving to 'the model Church,' as you have quite appropriately christened it, was especially trying to both our faith and patience. In the first place our goods were delayed a long time on the road, and we could not find out where they were."

"We had stipulated for a place at least a hundred miles from our parish of gin-and-tobacco memory, and our goods had been transported from one railway to another with the usual careless handling of the railway employés. We had packed our glass ware in a common box, and then for security inclosed it in a heavy one of plank. Scarcely an article in it arrived unbroken. Another box which had been especially provided for, displayed, on being opened, a mixed mass of broken jars, quince marmalade, grape jelly, Shaker apple-sauce, pickled cucumbers, all highly flavored with bay rum and a variety of family medicines. The combined odor was unlike any other perfume in the world."

"There had been an unoccupied corner in a box of books, and, at my suggestion, my hus-

band had filled it with a half loaf of sugar. The weather had been damp during the delay of the goods, and the sugar was partially melted. Gibbon's Rome, in six volumes, was saturated with the saccharine delicacy, and a great company of opposing polemics were stuck together in the *sweetest* manner. And then and there, dear Annie, for the first and last time, I lost my courage, and my husband his patience. Imagine the situation before you condemn us. Outside, there was an easterly storm; inside, the smoke was pouring from the stove into the room; at our right hand lay the broken glass, smashed preserves, etc.; and here was a part of our pet library spoiled and shorn of all its comeliness. My husband looked across at me with such a frown as I never saw on his face before. I should have returned him one exactly like it if I had not spoiled it by bursting into a loud laugh, in which he immediately joined. Then we made a cup of tea and had a lunch before proceeding farther in our researches. When we were at last settled, and found ourselves at home among the best people in the world, we only remembered the transient tribulation as a funny episode which had served to relieve the monotony of common life."

"But there are people, auntie, who do not see any fun in such things. I am afraid I am one of them. I can't laugh when worried and fatigued. And no amount of courage can make itinerant easy work. There is no romance about it; nothing but hard labor and vexation of spirit."

"I suppose the movings of other people are not accomplished without work, and much unpleasant work too. Yet half the world are perpetually changing their abode. Very few of them have furnished houses all ready for them to occupy; not one in a hundred finds willing hands to assist in the packing and unpacking of goods. Very few of them on their arrival in a strange place are sure of meeting cordial welcomes and neighborly kindnesses. The majority of moving people would think but little of moving if they could be helped as itinerants are; if, on coming to a new home, they were sure of being the honored guests of a whole community. Ah, it is all nonsense for us to talk of burdens. The first itinerants bore some worthy of the name. And so do many in these days, who nearly sink beneath the pressure of poverty and abundant labors. But it is not these who do the complaining. On the contrary, their mouths are full of thanksgiving, and their moral heroism gives them a standing both in earth and heaven.

"I never thought much of the preacher who

left his appointment because the shovel and tongs had not brass heads. A minister who needs petting will not long remain popular. It is just as it is in other things—great sorrows, for example. You steadily bewail the sad calamity that has befallen you, and people will shun you. Bear it cheerfully, and every body will pity you. That is human nature, I suppose."

"True, auntie. But is it not also human nature to desire to get along easily?"

"Perhaps so. But you may be sure that the easy, lazy lives are not the happy ones. Half the pleasure of existence lies in conquering difficulties. And a minister should always lead his people."

"I like your poor stations the best."

"So did I. I think that is the usual feeling of those who can look back over a long course of itinerant life. Those who sacrifice most to obtain the preaching of the Gospel are those who tenderly love and reverence their pastor. Pick out the contented happy faces in a conference of our preachers, and you will find that they belong to the humble shepherds of Christ's poor."

"You had other places, auntie."

"Yes; three more: all pleasant, happy homes. The passing years increased our power of adapting ourselves to circumstances, and also our love for our work. The last place will ever be sacred in my eyes, for there, just at the close of the Conference term of service, the Master called my husband to a higher work, and the poem of my life was finished. Do not look so sad. It is not a mournful thought to me. When my last 'moving time' shall come, I shall not have to wait to bestow my household goods in safety; the real treasures are already safely garnered. I shall find them in one of the 'many mansions' of our Father's dwelling. There, at last, the itinerant finds a home."

FREE inquiry, if restrained within due bounds, and applied to proper subjects, is a most important privilege of the human mind; and, if well conducted, is one of the greatest friends to truth. But when reason knows neither its office nor its limits; when it is employed on subjects foreign to its jurisdiction, and revelation itself is, as it were, called in to bow down to its usurped authority; it then becomes a privilege dangerous to be exercised, because a want of due respect for the mysterious doctrines of religion seldom fails to enter into a total disbelief of them.—*Daubeny*.

ASCENT OF MOUNT HOOD.

BY REV. W. K. MINES.

THE Cascade range of mountains is a northward continuation of the *Sierra Nevada* of California, and cuts the State of Oregon and Territory of Washington from south to north, at a distance of one hundred miles from the Pacific Ocean. The range springs up to an average altitude of eight or ten thousand feet, while at intervals of many miles more aspiring summits from five to ten thousand higher, luminous with the sheen of everlasting snow, dome the evergreen roofing of the mountains. The highest of these is Mount Hood. It stands about fifty miles south of where the Columbia has plowed its way through the Cascade range, and nearly in the center of the range from east to west. Here is a range of mountains eighty miles in width, and all that distance so broken, rugged, and wild as to be entirely irrecoverable to the uses of civilized man. But few of these wild gorges have ever been marked by the heel of the explorer. An occasional hunter has sometimes strayed into these fastnesses in pursuit of the elk or bear, or a miner with pick, shovel, and pan has followed some stream near to its icy fountain; but nearly all these mountains have over them the mystery of an unpathed solitude. For thirteen years I had looked with wonder and desire toward the summit of Mount Hood. The desire to visit it, to stand upon it, to commune with nature and with God, amid the wild sublimities of its gorges and glaciers, grew upon me till my spirit seemed ever asking for the intense delight.

In September, 1864, in company with three gentlemen of Vancouver, Washington Territory, I first attempted to scale that hoary pinnacle. On reaching an altitude about eight hundred feet below the summit, as we stood gazing on the magnificent panorama spread around and below us, a dense cloud came sweeping against the north side of the mountain, and drifting rapidly over it instantly enveloped us in its folds. The air changed suddenly to a fierce cold; the winds howled around the side of the mountain and shrieked away in doleful cadences below; the driving snow filled the air so entirely that a cliff of rocks three hundred feet high, standing not more than fifty feet from us, was entirely invisible. To go up or to go down was, for the time, alike impossible. We could only stand on that chill altitude stoutly bracing against the beating of the blast. Frost and ice gathered on our hair, and beards, and clothes, till we looked like four ice-kings shaking Win-

ter from our grizzly locks. The snow was swept by the fierce winds in waves and drifts in every direction. One of my companions was chilled nearly to insensibility; but we yet struggled against the tempest for hours, unwilling to be defeated in our purpose to reach the summit of the mountain. We stood seventeen thousand feet above the ebb and flow of the sea, before the very throne of the Storm-King, and were witnesses of the sweep of his tempests, as few mortals had ever been before us. There was sublimity in the thought, and it inspired us to daring; but the tempest was too strong for us, and we at length reluctantly yielded to its imperious power. Subsequently I was glad of the disappointment, as it gave me occasion again to visit the mountain; and having seen it clad in garments of cloud and storm, I could better appreciate it when robed in the gorgeous drapery of Summer brightness. Of this second ascent I will now tell.

On the morning of the 24th day of July, 1866, in company with three gentlemen of the city of Portland, Oregon, I set out with heart and hope full of the determination to stand upon that summit if mortal energy and determination could reach it. Our place of rendezvous was at the house of a Canadian, by the name of Revnue, who, fourteen years before, had erected a cabin at the place where the emigrant road leaves the mountains and enters the valley of the Willamette. Our way here entered the mountains in the gorge through which flows a dashing river three hundred feet wide, which rises from beneath the glaciers of Mount Hood. Up this stream we traveled for thirty miles, when, leaving the gorge, the way makes a *detour* to the right to gain the summit ridge. Here is the celebrated "Laurel Hill." For three or four miles the ascent is continuous, and in many places very steep and difficult.

The top of Laurel Hill is the general summit of the range, which is perhaps ten miles in width, and has the general character of a marsh or swamp. There is here a dense and grand growth of fir, cedar, sugar-pine, and kindred evergreens, with an almost impenetrable undergrowth of laurel. There is an inexpressible sense of loneliness in these deep solitudes. Straggling rays of sunlight only here and there find way through the dense foliage, and these fall cold and white upon the damp ground. Passing over this level we crossed several bold, clear streams, dashing across our way from the direction of Mount Hood, over beds of scoriaeous sand which had been borne down from the vast pile of volcanic material now only five or six miles away. We now found an old

Indian trail leading in the direction of the mountain, and after a ride of an hour and a half upon it, came out into an opening of scattered trees, which sweeps around the south side of the mountain. It was five o'clock when we emerged from the forest, and stood for the time appalled confronting the body of rocks and snow which springs up from the average altitude of the mountains and enters into wedlock with the bending ether. The bewildering greatness without inspired an unutterable awe within. Selecting a place for our camp on a beautiful grassy ridge between one of the main affluents of the *Des Chutes* and of the Clackamas Rivers, and which really constitutes the dividing ridge, we erected a booth of boughs, gathered fuel for a large fire during the night, and gave ourselves up to hours of contemplation of the strange scene around, above, and beneath us.

The evening now came on, creeping noiselessly over the mountains, and shedding a strange, weird, and melancholy splendor over the scene. The moon was at its full, the sky clear as crystal, and the moonbeams seemed to troop in columns along the glittering acclivities of the glaciers. Mount Hood seemed taller, grander, and more glorious than before. Often, during the march of that night over the hills, I arose from my blankets, walked out to a point a few rods away, and contemplated with something of awe and much of reverence the divinely-illuminated picture. Those who study Mount Hood only in the studio of the artist, before such pencil and brush caricatures as Bierstadt's, know nothing of its real grandeur, its overwhelming greatness. Men praise the artist who, on canvas, can make some slight imitation of such a scene; why will they not adore the Maker whose power and skill builds and paints the grand originals?

At 7 o'clock of Thursday, having provided ourselves with staves seven feet in length, and taken such refreshments as we should need on the mountain, we were ready for the ascent. For the first mile and a half the way was easy, over a bed of volcanic rock, decayed and intermixed with ashes. Huge rocks stood here and there, and two or three stunted junipers and a few varieties of mosses were all the vegetation.

We now reached the foot of a broad field of snow, which sweeps around the south side of the mountain for several miles in length, and extending upward to the immediate summit of mountain, perhaps four miles. Two miles of this snow-field is smooth, and only in places so steep as to render the footsteps uncertain. Near its upper edge the deep gorges from which flow affluents of the *Des Chutes* on the right,

and Sandy on the left, approach each other, cutting down to the very foundations of the mountains. The waters were rushing from beneath the glaciers, which, at the upper extremity, were rent and broken into fissures and caverns of unknown depth.

The present summit of the mountain is evidently what was long since the northern rim of an immense crater, which could not have been less than three miles in diameter. Its southern wall has fallen completely away, and the crater itself is filled with rock and ashes, overlaid with the accumulated snows of ages, through the rents and chasms of which now escape smoke, steam, and gases from the pent-up fires below. The fires are yet so near that many of the rocks which project upward through these icy depths are so hot that the naked hand can not be held upon them. Just at the south-west foot of the circular wall, now constituting the summit, and at a distance of about two thousand feet from its extreme height, is now the main opening of the crater. From this a column of smoke and steam is continually issuing, at times rising and floating away on the wind; at other times rolling heavily down the mountain. Into this crater I descended as far as it was possible to do without ropes; or till the descent was staid by a perpendicular wall of ice sixty or seventy feet high, which rested below on a bed of broken rock and ashes so hot as immediately to convert the water which dripped continually from the icy roof one hundred feet above into steam. The air was hot and stifling, but I did so desire to gather some ashes and rock from the bottom of the crater that if ropes had been at hand I should certainly have ventured down.

At this point the real peril of the ascent begins. It leads out and up the inner wall of what was once the crater, and near a thousand feet of it is at an angle of sixty degrees. This ascent is up an ice-field, the upper limit of a great glacier, which is crashing and grinding its slow journey down the mountain far to the right. About seven hundred feet from the summit a *crevasse*, from five to fifty feet in width and of unknown depth, cuts clear across the glacier from wall to wall. There is no evading it. The summit can not be reached without crossing it. There is no other pathway. Steadily and deliberately poising myself on my staff, I sprang over the *crevasse* at the most favorable place I could select, landing safely on the declivity two or three feet above it, and then with my staff assisted the others to cross. The last movement of fifteen feet had considerably changed the prospect of the ascent. We were

thrown by it directly below a wall of rock and ice five hundred feet high, down which masses, detached by the sun, were plunging with fearful velocity. To avoid them it was necessary to skirt the *crevasse*, on the upper side, for a distance, and then turn diagonally up the remaining steep. It was only seven hundred feet high, but it was a two hours' sinewy tug to climb it. The hot sun blazed against the wall of ice within two feet of our faces, the perspiration streamed from our foreheads, our breath was labored and difficult, yet the weary steps of inches were multiplied till, on nearing the summit, the weariness seemed to vanish, an ecstatic excitement thrilled along every nerve, and with feelings and shouts of triumph we bounded upon the pinnacle of the highest mountain in North America.

The summit was reached at about the center of the circular wall, which constitutes the extreme altitude, and where it had so sharp an edge that it was impossible to stand erect upon it. Its northern face is an escarpment several thousand feet high. Here we could only lie down on the southern slope, and holding firmly to the rocks, look down the awful depth. A few rods to the west was a point forty or fifty feet higher, to the summit of which we crawled, and there discovered that forty rods eastward was a point still higher, the highest of the mountain. We crawled back along the sharp escarpment, and in a few minutes stood erect on the highest pinnacle. This was found to be 17,640 feet high; the thermometer, by a very careful observation, standing at 180°, where the water boiled about forty feet below the summit. This gives thirty-two degrees of depression, which, at the usual estimate of five hundred and fifty feet to the degree, gives the astonishing altitude indicated above.

The scene around us was overpowering, indescribable. We had chosen one of the clearest, brightest days of Summer; and in this latitude, and on this coast, objects are plainly visible at an almost incredible distance. It would be impossible to convey to the reader an adequate impression of the scene, yet a few general observations may be taken. The first is the Cascade range itself. From south to north, from Diamond Peak to Ranier, a distance of not less than four hundred miles, the whole mountain line is under the eye. Within that distance are Mounts St. Helens, Baker, Jefferson, the Three Sisters, making, with Mount Hood, nine snowy mountains. Eastward the Blue Mountains are in distinct view for at least four hundred miles in length, and lying between us and them are the broad plains of the *Des*

Chutes, John Days, and Umatilla Rivers, one hundred and fifty miles in width. On the west the piny crests of the coast range cut clear against the sky, with the Willamette Valley sleeping in quiet beauty at their feet. The broad, silver belt of the Columbia winds gracefully through the evergreen valley toward the ocean, which we see blending with the horizon, through the broad vista at the mouth of the river. Within these wide limits is every variety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie, bold, beetling precipices, and gracefully-rounded summits, blending and melting away into each other, forming a whole of unutterable magnificence.

The descent to the great *crevasse*, though much more rapidly accomplished, was perhaps quite as perilous as the ascent. We were now approaching the gorge, and a single misstep might precipitate us into unfathomed depths. Less than half an hour was sufficient to retrace the weary climbing of three hours; and standing for a moment on the upper edge of the chasm, we bounded over it where it was about eight feet in width. The impetus of the leap sent us plunging down the icy steep below.

In two hours from the summit we reached our camp. At dark we began to pay the price of our pleasure. The glare of the sun on the ice had burned our faces and dazzled our eyes till they were so painful that not one of the party slept a moment during the night. I kept over my eyes and face a cloth wetted with ice water all night, and in the morning was able to see; but two of the party were blind as rocks for forty-eight hours. But we were well compensated for all our toil and pain. And now, as often as thought recurs to the moment when I stood upon that awful height, the same awe of the infinite God, "who setteth fast the mountains, being girded with power," comes over my soul. I praise him that he gave me strength to stand where his power speaks with words few mortals ever hear, and the reverent worshipings of mountains and solitudes seem ever flowing up to his throne.

THE serious thought of death teaches ministers how to preach, and the people how to hear. It awakens the preacher to awaken the hearers. It is a mercy that we have tongues to speak, and you have ears to hear. Death teaches us the wisest estimate of all the wealth, and honor, and greatness of this world; for it showeth them all to us in their final state, and what they will prove to us in our greatest need.

BANCIS AND PHILEMON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE GASPARI.

BY HELEN F. MORE.

BANCIS was called Jeanne. She was the only daughter of an old village doctor, miserly, selfish, and harsh. He kept her with him, loved her little, and exacted from her a servant's work without giving her the wages of one.

The old doctor carried his dubious science and his perfect indifference all over the country. Neither the living nor the dying could have induced him to quit his bed when once he was in it.

He had one favorite phrase which he repeated in his icy voices when his patients recounted their misfortunes:

"That is pleasant!"

"My wife can not live an hour."

"That is pleasant!"

"This is the third son I have lost."

"That is pleasant!"

The good people look at him in stupefaction, then they conclude that the great skill of the doctor gives the word some peculiar signification, and the first astonishment over they continue their story.

The doctor on his return from his rounds shuts himself up alone. To make his coffee in the morning, to prepare his hot wine in the evening, to bring him his slippers, to mend his linen, he recognizes in his daughter no other duties and no other rights. He never addresses her a word except of command. He was one of those men who require a well-furnished table, a comfortable house, and expect all to go on without opening their purse. Considering women stupid creatures, they hold, nevertheless, on the subject of their inventive genius, a boundless faith which the most fervent admirers of the feminine mind never possessed. During his meals the doctor always read. In the evening he locked himself in his room. A good fire, plenty of light, these the doctor allowed himself. Where was his daughter? What was she doing? The doctor troubled himself very little about this. The question never even entered his mind.

His daughter had passed through her infancy—passed through her youth without his perceiving it. Usually she was idle. She weeded the garden, sat before the fireless hearth, mended beside the same window the same napkins in the same places. This life combined all the loneliness of solitude with all the difficulties

of companionship. It was at once monotonous and slavish, full of dread and yet mortally wearisome.

There are souls whom such a life crushes; delicate souls, somewhat awkward about defending themselves, which, at the first blow, lose their self-reliance. Such soon find that their oppressors, be they people or things, have the right on their side. From self-pity they pass to self-disgust. They are abused for being inert, and they become so. Others are imbittered. Life has declared itself their enemy; they accept the challenge; they see enemies every-where. Whenever they can they exercise, right or wrong, their unknown rights. Slaves from necessity, they become tyrants when occasion permits. Victims at the outset of life, they end, toward its decline, by reproducing the exact type of their tormentors. It is one of Satan's most horrible victories.

Jeanne belonged neither to the one nor the other of these categories. She had sound sense, strong nerves, a gay temper. It is too often forgotten that individuality holds the first place in the material of happiness. You would be happy in my place? Perhaps you would. But! More than this, energy is necessary to happiness. It seems very easy to be happy. Even in a smooth life it is not, and suffering forms the inevitable lot of whoever comes into the world. Happiness is gained by right of conquest. Now the souls which draw back into themselves are seldom strong, and happiness is for the strong. In short, it is for the simple, harmonious natures who go forward without looking too much either to the right, or the left, or backward. It is for the gracious souls determined to take things and men on the good side. Jeanne belonged to this class; she analyzed little; she acted. Facts had for her no more than their immediate value. She rarely went back to causes; she did not poison herself with the venom which flows from meanings. Certainly she could never have reconstructed the whole fish from a single scale.

Her father's harshness and his exactions would never condense in her mind till they reproduced a perfect egotist. Not that she lacked sense or mind, but she had brought into the world with her an unchangeable determination to be happy, and she was so. She possessed the courage of the mountaineers who fight during the whole year in order to gain from their poor fields a few vegetables, from their cold climate a few breaths of heat. Enslaved as none of them are, she breathed, nevertheless, a free air. Her intelligence preserved her elbow-room; her mind was independence

itself, her looks and words were in accordance with it.

As to her body, it fared hardly. Never well, she gave to her own indisposition precisely the same attention which her father did. Jeanne sick! You might as well have told the doctor that an automaton had the headache! Jeanne would have died sooner than consult her father. The very idea seemed to her so ridiculous that she laughed inwardly. Once she saw a celebrated physician from the city. He examined her, gave her three years to live at the farthest, and prescribed for her the regimen of a trappist. Jeanne consented to the regimen, but protested against the sentence.

Every day the best lives are given up without regret—I mean the most beautiful ones. They have given every thing; the satisfied soul rises to heaven; it bears a treasure. But the miner who has worked from morning till night and found neither grain nor dust of gold, leaves unwillingly the earth moistened with his sweat. He searches again and again; do not call him away before his time. Was this it? Was it this strange love with which the cultivator of a rebellious soil feels himself penetrated; the rude flavor which he finds in the least of its fruits? Jeanne wished to live, and she lived.

Her appearance was like her destiny, badly clothed and badly made. Jeanne had neither features, complexion, nor figure; she was large and bony. Her face was only endurable from the indomitable good-humor which shone in it. She had worn on her head since she was ten years old a horrible hood of colorless silk, wrinkled with age, and still more by the evolutions which an inconceivable abruptness of motion imposed upon it. This head-dress turned like a weathercock. It was like the needle of a compass, a true interpreter of the emotions of its wearer. The dress, a mere rag hung on her as if on a clay figure. In vain did affectionate solicitude endeavor to rejuvenate Jeanne's toilet a little. The doctor's daughter, by three motions of her nervous hands, undid all. To seize, look at, turn, return, tuck under here, pull out there, take off, fold, pile away in a closet—all was done.

Jeanne had some firm friendships which kept her heart alive; they were the sort of friendships which take you as you are, without words; atmospheres in which, from the first, the spirit expands; where words come as they will; where stupidities are nothing; where one can be foolish, ill-tempered, without constraint, and lose nothing by it. When she reached the manor Jeanne felt this, alas! amid extinct generations.

I see her appear in the path through the

orchard, cross the court with her rapid step, enter at once, go every-where, explore the house and the garden, and establish herself in the drawing-room with her gossiping, and her dingy hood and its gyrations. Jeanne's somewhat formal piety atoned by its active charity for what it lacked in gentleness. Jeanne, who possessed nothing, contrived to give; her mind was continually bent on this aim, to do good; she brought to it all her powers; her kindness was tyrannous, her charity almost terrible. If to this you add habits of severe economy, and a judgment inexorable in its uprightness, you will understand in what manner were made—I had nearly said were executed—her visits to the poor of the village.

Such as she was, she was beloved. Even her roughness pleased; no one thought of being angry at it. "The young lady doctor," as she was called in the country—it was her title and her glory—made true military descents wherever idleness and misery were encamped. She pushed open the door, her gray hood planted firmly on her head, warlike and jovial. In a single glance she had seen, weighed, judged. Not a kettle escaped her, not a garment thrown into a closet which she did not notice. She opened drawers, arranged them hastily before the stupefied household, seized the broom, brought into broad daylight the piles of dust concealed under the furniture, examined the shirts of the husband, put her finger through the holes, pulled out of the fire the log which was burning in the middle, caught the child as it passed and washed its face in the wink of an eye. With all this, few words, and those to the point. The expedition ended, the young lady doctor emptied upon the table the contents of her huge basket. The children laughed and the mother too, to see the pile of apples, the bit of bacon, and the little loaf of bread.

But to eat as they felt inclined, O no! Jeanne prescribed the manner, the quantity, the day, the hour, it was all done with a decision of good sense. Whoever failed of this discipline was struck from Jeanne's books. To eat except at meal times, to be always crunching, to devour by way of amusement the provisions intended for sustenance! Good as she was the young lady doctor could not forgive this crime. I can hear her now, relating with a trembling voice the details of the villainy.

"People who can hardly make both ends meet; I took them a bag of dried pears to cook. Eaten!—do you understand?—devoured! by the handful! They went to the bag every day, all five of them. A dessert!"

At this word "dessert" the hat violently

thrown back presented the appearance of a casque with the visor raised.

And the same woman whom dry fruit eaten out of hours exasperated, filled the aprons of repentant criminals with cherries. Inanimate objects and animals contracted, by contact with this original character, habits which were never seen in them elsewhere. The young lady doctor's cats had a physiognomy and habits peculiar to themselves. Her chickens weighed double, her vegetables grew differently from those of others, her roses were half as large again as those of her neighbors, her carnations brighter, her mignonette more fragrant, her walks in better trim.

As to the servants, do not speak of them! The young lady doctor tormented them and nearly set them wild. She poured in their ears a torrent of words of which the elevated morality, the dissimilarity and the superabundance leave them as if stupefied. She was obliged to change. Another, another, another yet, and many poor girls bewildered. In short, it was her weak side.

She took her evil and theirs in silence, thinking that in the end all would come right. That was the effect of the spectacles through which she looked. Neither rubies nor topazes were in Jeanne's jewel-box, but the glasses of her spectacles shone with the fire of diamonds. Every one owns these magical spectacles with differently-colored glasses. Some see green, others rose-colored. To those the most smiling fields present only dull colors, to these all possible splendor shines over the most barren scene and makes it a paradise. A drop of dew is heaven for those who know how to look for it. Heaven itself, alas! is only a gray canvas for those who look at it through the fogs of their own weariness.

Weariness! Jeanne never felt it! The faintness of the soul or its languor was equally unknown to her. At that time it was not customary, and, besides, Jeanne had no leisure for it. Contrary winds strengthen valiant spirits. They excite, so to speak, the vital faculties. We, in this age, are half dead. Unheard-of sadness has touched our heart. From the very first we are disgusted with life.

The young lady doctor felt in her a triple life. She had it for herself, she had it for others. At the mere sight of her determination to fulfill her whole destiny, the most discouraged felt a wish to do likewise.

As for the rest, there sprang up in every house an inexhaustible source of joy—obedience. He who, while a soldier, longs to be a general, loses all the enjoyments of his condition.

Farewell to the merriment of the bivouac, to the tranquil slumber. Jeanne remained a soldier. Not that she never dreamed of a better condition, but she did not struggle against God. She walked in her appointed path. In gazing upon it she discovered a few flowers, and sang all the way to beguile the journey. Two events, very different in importance, marked Jeanne's existence—her duel with a ram and her marriage to a country gentleman. The adventure of the ram was her drama, her danger, the episode which for thirty years gave her material for story and description.

The marriage was her perfect expansion, the taking possession of a complete estate, a sort of royalty to which she had never dared to look forward. The duel took place on a beautiful September morning; the field of battle was the orchard of the manor. It was reached by a rustic bridge, three water-pipes which spanned the brook. There was indeed a path farther off, and at the end of the path a bridge, but it was necessary to make a detour to reach it, and "the young lady doctor" always went straight forward like a cannon-ball. The sheep were grazing the tender grass. A ram, a new-comer in that part of the country, was guarding them. The young lady doctor came down with her decided step. She followed the course of the stream behind the alders.

When the ram saw this strange figure appear, the shawl grotesquely hung upon so formidable a frame-work, the hat inclined crazily on the sunny side, he believed that his harem was threatened, and planted himself resolutely at the end of the water-pipes. The young lady doctor, with the visor of her hood down, was just upon them, one foot extended to the right, one to the left, balanced on the round, slippery tubes. As she reached the middle she saw the threatening aspect of the ram. His intention was evidently hostile. Should she retreat before this insolent brute? That she left to others, and besides, to retreat it would have been necessary to turn around. The doctress, with an energetic gesture, threw back her hood, took a firmer stand, straightened her tall figure, reached the end, and there found herself rolled up in a heap, pounded, trampled on, and, with it all, so completely entangled in the folds of her shawl that the farmer, his sons, and the people of the manor, who hastened to her on hearing her calls, could with difficulty unwind the young lady doctor. Harm, there was none; of fear there was none left, but of indignation! The ram walked proudly before the flock with warlike front, while all, even her friends, as soon as the first excitement was over, burst into that

homeric laugh whose peals reached even to the village.

Years rolled on. The adventure had begun to pale. The old doctor, on the confines of his eighty-fifth year, was going the way of all the earth, when a brave man, unknown till then, appeared upon the scene as suddenly as the ram had done. After a short cruise under the doctor's window he gained the victory—that is to say, the hand of Jeanne—without striking a blow. You have guessed that this was Philemon. He came out of a sort of chateau lost to sight on the wooded plain, which was crossed by an overgrown road. On one side were the fields watered by brooks; on the other, fir-trees; behind was the mountain. A grass-grown court, toppling walls, the remains of a door, desolate rooms, a silent clock, an immense staircase richly ornamented with sculpture, four poplars growing in the wind—such was the house. For any one besides the young lady doctor it would have been desolation.

The man was like the nest. He might have been some Hun forgotten by Attila in his flight from the Catalanian fields to Italy—square shoulders, square head, square face, nose and mouth to match, with little, pale eyes, sharp as a gimlet, and a forest of gray hair. Nobody knew him, and he knew nobody—a bear in his den. But bears are good-natured, and so was he. When the young lady doctor beheld herself courted and then asked in marriage, she was happy, but with such simplicity; her burst of pride was so frank that certainly, in spite of her well-marked forty years, and this betrothed just from the backwoods, she might have excited the envy of the most haughty lady who sees the phalanx of her rejected lovers lengthening behind her. To have a husband; to say, "My husband!" To have a house; to say, "My house!" The mocking spirit who gave a burlesque turn to every incident of her destiny did not fail to illuminate her wedding-day.

The old doctor was dead. The chateau had been patched up after a fashion. The day of the wedding arrived. Of relations there were few, but friends were not lacking. On a clear July morning the union of this couple was blessed, and the guests promised to meet in the evening in the old seignorial abode of the newly married. It could only be reached on foot across the quagmires of which the clayey soil held the water like the bottom of a lake. Now on this sultry day clouds gathered around the top of the Jura and on the Alps. They flew across the sky, white squadrons commanded by the voice of the thunder. In their speed they met, they caught each other by the hair, there

was a burst of flame, cannonade, lightning, a deluge. The guests were drenched. The ladies on their arrival were clothed in the garments of the bride. The men were buried in coats of the groom's. These, lost in the amplitude of their habiliments, could find neither their hands nor their feet; those, compressed in the narrow sheaths, were rigid as mummies.

The supper lasted three hours. Every woman of the village had brought her dish. The young lady doctor had erected for herself a sort of monument, a huge pie, which occupied the middle of the table. When the husband, with his powerful hand, put a knife to it, it sprang from beneath it like a rocket in a passion of rebellion, and struck the old beams of the ceiling twenty feet off. This was the only fire-work which signalized this memorable day.

Years passed on. We must see the happiness of Bancis. Scolded no longer, actually beloved! To these heart-joys were added a host of other and more vulgar felicities. The possession of land gives a peaceful charm, and is like a guarantee of the duration of earthly happiness.

Bancis, up betimes, went with Philemon through the fields of the chateau. They measured the grass with the eye, they settled on what day it should be cut. In the garden there were pansies before each bed of vegetables; there were poor women who came to seek for honey; and huge bouquets which were sent to the rich. There was the egg which the hen laid and her song of triumph; there were fresh strawberries discovered under a group of firs; the little cat which bounded around them, the heifer which they had raised, and then the gathering of the fruits and the harvesting of a tiny vineyard.

It would be hard to imagine a more uniform life; it would be difficult to find one which was more enjoyed. Every thing in it shone. There was not an apple-tree of which Bancis did not know the apples, if I dared I would say each one separately. There were roses which filled her heart with joy, and there were deformed ones which made her laugh till she cried. There were pippins which she kept till Summer, and when in August she brought them out, all shriveled, reduced to the consistency of cork, triumph shone in her eyes.

But what Jeanne specially excelled in were the abominable inventions of economical households—orange sweetmeats made of carrots, sharp sirups extracted from wild berries, nameless liquors distilled from I know not what bitter herbs.

Philemon, serenity itself, let things take their own course. If necessary he ate every thing.

Before such a proof of devotion friends had always recoiled. Singular man! not mysterious, and yet never unfolding himself; destitute of malice, and yet satirical; knowing much, but rather a mass of ideas, caught up here and there, jotted down in haste without relation to each other, than a well-arranged whole. He read all that came in his way and forgot nothing. The people of the manor made, at his request, collections of newspapers, which he studied line by line for a year after the date. The debates in the Chambers, external politics, news reached him as fresh as if he lived in the moon. He was twelve months after all the rest of the world. Thence resulted a retrospective style of conversation, well suited to give birth to philosophical reflections.

During the long evenings of Autumn he dabbled in verses. He had puns like Chamfort and turns like Voltaire. For the rest he was a believer. When his muse became human he dedicated to his wife epistles, in which he addressed her as "my Helen!" in remembrance of Troy.

She was never satiated with the happiness of being a married woman and of ruling her household. Not a room, not a tree at which she did not look with thanks to God and a gush of love toward her husband. Then Philemon smiled a mute smile like Leatherstocking. Once a year the old couple entertained their friends. All came together without distinction of age. The breakfast, prepared a week beforehand, was spread upon tables set in the wide halls. It displayed combinations which were enough to make one shudder—hot meats served cold and cold meats served hot, butter, cream, sugar in profusion every-where. The mistress of the house made herself busy among the guests, changing the plates, filling glasses, while her husband sat quiet and imperturbable.

We, the children, soon quitted the company. The barns were a world in themselves—the delight of weighing one's self in the huge scales, of organizing parties to besiege and defend the floor, the discoveries and the delightful panics! Hospitable house, poor little happiness, all has disappeared. When white old age came this union, which had been deemed prosaic, began to show its elevated side. Bancis was extended upon her couch paralyzed. Several attacks of apoplexy had dimmed Philemon's once clear mind. She, activity itself, was condemned to immobility. He, the great reader, who had collected so many ideas and reveled in his fund, was nothing—less than nothing. One thing survived, faith—an old faith, single, hardly defined, but substantial. Besides this, love—a

love of which time and sickness only increase the delicacy. More than all, the invariable habit of being contented. Bancis was never tired of replying to the unceasingly-repeated questions of Philemon. She knew sweet stories to charm him; she brought a vague smile to the withered lips. He was always near her, seeking he knew not what, the extinguished light of his intelligence. When he met her look, when he heard her voice, light broke upon him; it was but an instant, but it was happiness.

She made him pray with her—he repeated the words after her; you might have thought them mother and child. The respect that filled her heart, tender and somewhat sad, those who understand the mystery of love can not forget. Then she recited to him some of the Psalms of King David. He tried to understand them. When he caught their meaning he made a motion of the head, grave, patriarchal. Then she blessed God, she praised him aloud, she extolled his goodness with all her youthful enthusiasm. Jeanne died first. It was one of those crashes amid the ruins which draw after it all that still remains standing. The old man, left alone, half perceived his misfortune as in a stormy night when the lightning cast its lurid gleams over the terrified earth. One horrible, distinct image was visible to him and froze him with horror; it became indefinite, the outlines wavered, vanished without his being able to retain them. Sorrow oppressed his soul; Misfortune flapped her heavy wings over him. He could not remember, he could not imagine them. He wandered uneasily through the room; he walked around the chair of his beloved and looked at it long; he went with trembling steps toward the alcove; he approached the bed and raised the covering—"Jeanne," he murmured in a low voice. He listened; a gleam of light shone from his eyes; he let them fall again and cried, "My God!"

Sometimes his old hands took his wife's old Bible. They trembled as he turned the leaves, his look wandered vaguely over it. But one and another of those beautiful verses which Jeanne read so often suddenly burst from the darkness. The broken voice of the poor widower was heard repeating slowly, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." A large tear fell on this spot.

Why have I with unskillful pencil sketched these scattered features of a distant scene as they presented themselves to me? It is not a picture, hardly a sketch. It might rather be called the fantastic gleams cast on some old wall by a wood-fire. What is the lesson?

Where is the moral? Alas, no where. I am not a utilitarian, as you know too well. I have followed my memory whither it led me. I have seen once more these humble faces illuminated with humble happiness. I have met these strong natures, steadfast in their lives, devoted to honest enjoyments, and I can not tell how it was that their reflection has fallen upon these leaves.

NIAGARA.

BY MRS. ANNIE HOWE THOMSON.

I SAW thy face, Niagara,
At earliest morning's rosiest light,
And watched the silvery moonbeams play
Upon thy glorious brow at night.

I saw the frowning rocks above,
The grand old trees on every side;
A rainbow, like the smile of love,
Hung trembling o'er thy fearful tide.

I saw thy wild waves rushing down,
Fringed deep with foam as white as snow,
Which changed to emerald; amber, brown,
E're buried in the depths below.

F'om rocky steep and lofty tower,
From bridge, and wood, and lowly dell,
I saw thy glory and thy power,
With feelings words can never tell.

I heard thy waters' solemn roar,
Which day and night doth ne'er abate,
And heart and tongue cried o'er and o'er,
Our God is great! our God is great!

The wondrous workings of his hand,
Displayed for reverence, love, and fear,
O'er all the sky, the sea, the land,
Seem crowned with endless glories here.

I turned and looked upon the sky,
All glowing in the sunlight warm;
Then on thy waters dashing by,
And then upon my own frail form;

And thoughts of all God's love and care,
Which o'er my heart had scarcely swept,
Thrilled with ecstatic rapture there,
While tears of hallowed joy I wept.

Then those of deep humility,
For all my wanderings, want of trust,
Would fain have had me bow my knee,
And hide my face low in the dust.

The sun that decks yon firmament,
The soft blue sky now smiling o'er,
These rocks and trees so sweetly blent,
Niagara's splendor and its roar,

Are workings of thy wondrous skill,
Jehovah, God, who dwells above,
And yet thou deign'st our lives to fill,
With thy sweet ministries of love;

E'en to the giving of thy Son,
All glorious without, within,
The shameful tree to hang upon,
A ransom for thy creature's sin.

O, grand and overwhelming thought!
O, love divine, unsearchable!
No other hand such work hath wrought,
No other love such depth can tell.

Like Israel's singer sweet of old,
Who with delight thy works did scan,
And all thy mercies manifold,
Great God, I cried, and what is man;

That thou should'st ever mindful be,
Of all his creature wants and good?
Thou givest him power o'er earth and sea,
And all that passeth through the flood;

A little lower than the throng,
That at thy feet their joys cast down,
And praise thy name with sweetest song,
Thou dost his name and honor crown.

Lord, why should'st thou thus mindful be,
Or why for him such joys create,
And he so void of love to thee,
And thou so loving, wise, and great!

With chastened heart I turn away,
And high resolves ne'er felt before,
From thy bright face, Niagara,
And from each grassy sunlit shore;

With greater knowledge of God's skill,
And sweeter proof of his dear love,
And prayers for strength to do his will,
So I may dwell with him above.

Roll on, roll on, Niagara,
Thy floods of strength and grandeur pour,
Till heaven and earth shall pass away,
And time and being are no more.

And with the thunderings of thy voice
The wonders of your God proclaim,
Till every heart in him rejoice,
And every tongue shall own his name.

HAPPY WOMEN.

IMPATIENT women, as you wait
In cheerful homes to-night, to hear
The sound of steps that, soon or late,
Shall come as music to your ear,
Forget yourselves a little while,
And think in pity of the pain
Of women who will never smile
To hear a coming step again.

With babes that in their cradles sleep,
Or cling to you in perfect trust,
Think of the mothers left to weep
Their infants lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,
And all your world is full of light,
O women safe in happy homes,
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night!

THE SQUIRE'S SON.

BY MISS T. TAYLOR.

IN a pleasant country, on a high hill, stood the house of a rich manufacturer, the wealthiest man of all the neighborhood. Every thing within the house and about the grounds told of the wealth of their owner; all that was pleasant and beautiful for the eyes, any thing that money could buy to make glad the heart of man, the rich Squire possessed. Servants obeyed his call, and when he rode in his handsome coach, or on his spirited horse, the poor uncovered their heads, and his neighbors pointed at him and said with pride, "There goes the 'Squire, the richest man in all this country."

When he stood on the broad piazza of his elegant mansion, so far as his eye could reach, up the swelling hills covered with verdure, or crowned with luxuriant forests, down the nestling valleys, across the streams, over the heads of the tallest trees within his sight, all were his—the houses where his tenants lived, down to the porter's lodge, at his gate, a meek vine-covered cottage, where rosy-cheeked children played around the door—of all he was proprietor, none dared dispute his title.

"How happy our landlord must be, no rents to pay and money flowing like a stream into his purse!" sighed his poor tenants. "O, how proud and great he must feel!" said the little school-boys as they stood by the roadside with open eyes and mouths, as the shining coach rolled past.

But to the children at the lodge this was no uncommon sight; they did not run to catch a glimpse of it in passing. Henry, the eldest boy, unwillingly obeyed his mother, and opened and closed the gate for the 'Squire; the younger children either hid their faces behind their mother's apron, as she stood in the door, or peered from the latticed window with mingled awe and childish curiosity.

When Henry was sent on errands to the great house, he climbed the broad graveled walk of the hill and went up the high stone steps of the piazza, in fear and trembling, hastily delivered his mother's messages and without lingering or loitering about the house and grounds, hurried back to his father's cottage, that humble home seeming to him far more dear and attractive than the grand house where the stillness that seemed to have settled down upon it with its solemn grandeur, chilled and frightened his boyish imagination.

"Mother, I do not like the 'Squire with his grand house, and its cold stone steps," said

Henry to his mother. "I think he must be a cruel bad man, somehow, for no one smiles when they speak of him, and the servants and children are all afraid of him."

"O no, my son! do not think so; poor gentleman! poor gentleman!"

Henry opened his eyes wide. "Poor, mother? is n't he rich? He has fine clothes, fine horses, and a great many grand things."

"So he has, my child," said the mother with a sigh, for she remembered the grassy inclosure and its little mounds, and the white stones at the heads and feet of the little sleepers, whose forms had grown as white and cold as their dead mother's, and the marble that told where they all rested together—this, too, belonged to the rich 'Squire—all was his—and the thought brought the sigh from the good woman's breast, and the tears, that Henry saw with wonder, to her eyes.

"Did you ask if all were well, Henry?" his mother would inquire, and Henry, who asked the good-natured housekeeper his mother's question, would wonder as she answered him with something of his mother's look and sigh, when she called the 'Squire "poor gentleman," though she told him "all were well."

One bright Spring morning, he was sent by his mother on a usual errand. Just at that moment the housekeeper could not see him, and he was told to wait till she came in her room. He sat uneasily on his chair, in the large, comfortable apartment; he had taken the seat nearest the door and regarded the handsomely-furnished room. Its high ceiling, rich carpets and furniture, and elegance oppressed him. On an open window ledge, a bird sang cheerily in its prison-house; the boy pitied it there, and wondered how it could sing merrily, when the blue sky, the green trees, and fresh air could be seen and felt behind its bars. "I could never whistle in this room," he thought. "I am sure I don't want to be rich, and I wish I was home now." He moved restlessly on his chair, and ventured to cross his feet as he heard the door, standing partly open before him, open wider, and there came in, not as he expected, the housekeeper, or servant, but something that made Henry's flesh crawl, and eyes dilate with horror—a poor, gibbering, crawling, idiot boy, of twelve years, the 'Squire's oldest and only child. The idiot fell on his hands and feet before the frightened boy, and gazed up in his face, with a vacant stare and silly laugh.

Henry waited no longer; fright drove all thought of the housekeeper and his errand out of his head; he sprang through the open door, clattered over the marble hall and stone steps,

and ran down the hill, neither stopping for rest nor looking behind him till safe by his mother's side. Panting and breathless, for several moments he could not speak, and when he did he said to his mother, shuddering, and looking eagerly in her face, "Mother, does the devil, the wicked spirit, live in the 'Squire's house?"

"My son," said his startled mother, "tell me all you have seen."

"I was in the housekeeper's room, mother, and it came after me, this terrible creature; it laughed and then seemed to cry, and made a frightful noise, though it said no words. Mother," added the boy, earnestly, "I shall never want to go near the 'Squire's house again; I believe he is a wicked man."

"Listen to me, Henry," said his mother, thoughtfully. "The blessed Lord has chosen to afflict the poor gentleman; for while he has given him houses, lands, servants, and riches, greater than any person we have ever seen, he has taken from him, one by one, his good wife and four children; all of them lie in the little graveyard on the other side of the hill, except his oldest son; and that poor afflicted creature you saw this morning, whom you thought so terrible, is his only child—his nurse, when he was a small babe, let him fall from her arms—and but for that he might have been a well-grown boy like you—his father loves him better than any thing in this world. Do you wonder now, my son, that I have called his father the poor gentleman?"

Henry listened eagerly to this strange story. "Can he talk and play as other boys, mother?"

"Never, I fear, my child."

"Does God always do right—does he always know what is best, mother?" he asked, after a pause, when he appeared to be revolving some puzzling question in his mind.

"God is just," replied his mother, reverentially. "He has given the rich man all his great possessions; and he has given me my children."

That day's event was well remembered by Henry, and many times he thought of the idiot boy. Time rolled along, bringing its chances and changes. Poverty came very near the family in the porter's lodge, but did not touch them closely—health and affection were treasures they were taught to prize by their loving mother—and above all the inestimable gift, a contented spirit. With Henry this was an easy task; he never envied the occupant of the grand coach as it passed their humble home; he had learned to know that sorrow can rest like a leaden weight upon the proud spirit, and wither up forever the best joys of life—he learned also

that the heart of the rich and the saddened can become hard as adamant, steeled against pity, and the ear deaf to the cries of the miserable; for while the rich 'Squire's wealth increased, his heart hardened; the beggar was turned away uncheered from his door, and his poor tenants felt the landlord a hard master. Henry, now a fine boy of fifteen, wished to be of some assistance to his hard-worked mother, but work was scarce and his services were not considered valuable.

In the course of time the old housekeeper died. She had lived in the family many years, and the grand coach was next the hearse in the funeral procession. Soon after, Henry knew that his mother had been summoned, after a long interview with the 'Squire, of which he soon learned the object.

"Henry," said his mother, "the old gentleman has asked that you may go and live with him; his poor son is hard to take care of now the old housekeeper is gone; he knew her and seemed to care for her so much, that since her death he will suffer no one to go near him but his father, and he must be worn out, for the poor gentleman is not so young as he once was, and thinking you a bright, strong, likely lad, hopes his son may fancy you, and thus you may relieve him from much of his care—and," added his mother, seeing Henry hesitated, "the wages will be very good; there you may be certain, for no expense would be spared for this poor afflicted one."

"I will go, mother," said Henry, decidedly; "It will not be pleasant work, I fancy," he said as he recalled the disagreeable impression one sight of the idiot boy had occasioned, the poor creature apparently living in this world to no purpose, neither capable of receiving or giving comfort, joy, or hope. "I am strong, stronger, I know, than his father," continued Henry, confidently. "I will take charge of him."

"If he only fancies you," suggested his mother, anxiously.

"He can do me no harm if he does not; so do n't worry about that, mother," returned he.

The new and disagreeable duties were entered upon immediately, and Henry found at first his old repugnance returning; but the idiot boy, small, deformed, and with less understanding than the "beasts that perish," seemed from the first sight of his future master and keeper to have for him a faint glimmering of affection. Henry had endeavored to conquer or conceal his repugnant feeling so far that no emotion of fear, surprise, or disgust allowed itself to be betrayed, endeavoring from the beginning to win affection, or respect, or partial fear.

He soon gained the good-will of the servants in the house, even with the old 'Squire whose heart seemed hermetically sealed against kindness for any save his son. He soon became a useful necessity. Henry never quailed before him in his fits of violent passion that at times fiercely possessed him, and though his servants called him a hard master, and often tremblingly obeyed his orders, Henry rarely met from him aught but simple justice. He knew that the rich old man was envied by some, he knew that the poor were turned piteously from his door, with never a crumb of bread bestowed upon them, and if the attributes of heaven or mercy ever visited his heart, they were driven thence without toleration. But while all called him cruel, hard-hearted, and many regarded him only with fear, Henry knew too well the tender chord in his soul that could be touched; for he had seen him clasp to his heart, with mingled love and anguish, the object that all willingly would have avoided, whose inarticulate moans and vacant glance could ill repay love or affection, and he learned to know that all the love of humanity and kindness contained in the father's heart was centered upon his afflicted child. Night and day his anxious solicitude never wavered. Whatever could amuse or interest was tried; disappointment never deterred him from the trial of new plans in the hope, never considered vain, of waking his weak embers of intellect into rational life. With a vigilant and jealous eye he guarded his son from idle curiosity or inquisitiveness, and Henry pitied the hard, cruel 'Squire as no other could have done.

A year glided swiftly away in this service, when Henry found that the father was indulging the hope of recovery for his son, and restoration of intelligence; he had heard of an institution where the idiotic mind could be restored to reason, and of cases far more hopeless than that of his son, where the afflicted had been greatly benefited; he even dared hope for the perfect restoration of mind and intelligence, as he had been born with the intelligence, of which an unfortunate accident had deprived him.

Henry listened, hoping with the father, though many doubts crossed his mind—sorrow, too, shared his emotions, for he learned that immediate separation must inevitably follow; the father could only at stated intervals be allowed to visit his son, no other friend could attend him. The 'Squire placed his son at the institution, and Henry knew the heart-rending agony he must have suffered at the parting. He often thought of him in his loneliness, shutting himself out from all intercourse with society, and

longing for the sight of his idiot son. Outwardly to all he was the same hard, cruel old man; people shook their heads when he was spoken of; it was said he had driven out in the cold of Winter an unfortunate family who were unable to meet the demand of their landlord; stories much exaggerated, but often true, were repeated of his cruel justice and hard-hearted severity.

Henry could pity as well as condemn, though he could offer no excuse; for, after his son's departure, the 'Squire was to him as to others, the same hard, proud man. He could obtain no information of the son; his father alone could have given it, and he had neither the inclination or opportunity of seeking it there. He succeeded, by dint of inquiry, in discovering that the institution in which he had been placed was under the care of a good man, who, under the guidance of Heaven, had conceived the plan of clearing the clouds that surrounded the darkened intellects of those under his direction. He also heard that many wonderful cures had been effected, and vague rumors of the progress made by the charge for whom he had become interested, occasionally reached him; but though the father often visited his son, to Henry his name was never mentioned. Time passed on, the seasons rolled by, the flowers and fruit of Spring and Summer blossomed and matured; the Fall, with its blighting frost, brought death and desolation in its train, and Winter followed, bearing its snowy shroud to cover the blighted landscape. Rich men prospered, and poor men toiled and suffered; the 'Squire's treasures increased, but his treasures laid up on earth never opened his heart to charity nor lightened his burden of life, that spoke terribly in his wrinkled brow, snowy hair, and stooping figure. Men lowered their voices when they spoke of the old 'Squire; rumor said that his unfortunate son could no longer be called a fool, and now his father indulged the hope of entire restoration of reason, but it was also whispered that the weak body could not keep up with the awakened mind, and increasing intelligence brought decreasing strength of body.

Two years from the time Henry had last seen his charge he was returning from his work in the dusk of twilight, on a dull November evening; as he entered the lodge he saw the 'Squire's coach driving slowly toward the gate; as he opened it he was called to the carriage door, and saw a form muffled from head to foot, and knew that the absent son and heir had returned. He received orders to come to the house that night, as soon as possible, hurriedly given as the coach passed on, and Henry prepared to

follow with mingled feelings of excitement and curiosity. The great house on the hill blazed with light, and he found orders had been given for preparations to be made for the return of the son and heir.

Standing again by the side of his charge, Henry at a first glance saw but little perceptible change; he had grown no taller, and was a very dwarf by his side; there was the same attenuated frame, the same unwieldy head, but there the resemblance was partially lost, for the eye that met his returned a languid, curious glance, for the vacant, senseless gaze he had known there. He was lying on a couch; his father was kneeling by his side, with the hand of his child clasped in his, and a stranger stood near. Henry listened with wonder and awe as he heard rational questions asked and answered by the 'Squire's son; he, from the first glance, felt that death had sealed him with its inscrutable stamp; the deformed boy seemed to feel intuitively that the heaven of which he had been taught was now within his grasp, and a desire for rest, peace, joy, possessed his spirit; the vail seemed to be already torn away, and the glass which all see through so darkly, was clearer and brighter as the sands of his weak life ebbed out.

The old father was hoping against hope; the fever flush on the boy's face he pointed to as indicating returning health, and spoke confidently of future days and hopes. Sentences from the Scriptures, taught his son, clung fast in his mind; God and heaven were ever in his thoughts, and a constant desire to rest with his Savior never left him; these fell upon the ear of his father strangely, but he still clung to the hope of restored health. All who saw him knew that it was but a question of time; so much strength remained to be spent there was no rallying for his weak body; his days shortened and his hours were numbered.

In the twilight of a stormy evening the messenger came. The mists of the day were falling in rain, the winds were bowing the weeping branches of the trees—they were spoiling of their last few withered leaves, and smiting the trembling, resistless stalks of that season's flowers, low on the ground. Rain, wreck, storm without, tears, anguish, and a soul ransomed, freed within—breaking at last the fetters that bound the deformed boy to earth, striving in his weakness in his last struggle to find utterance for the words, "God is love!" and at length released, finding fuller peace, greater joy, than earthly souls can ever teach.

The storm and rain had ceased, and the sun smiled on the calm, mild Autumn day, when

the stately funeral procession passed from the great house on the hill, past the porter's lodge, down into the valley where the rich 'Squire's riches and treasures lay buried.

One more mound was added, larger than the others, and those who saw the son and heir lowered in the grave, felt that this treasure was indeed "laid up in heaven." This truth came to the heart of the father, as he bent his snowy, uncovered head over the last earthly hope.

His few remaining years proved that the heart so long sealed against pity and mercy could be opened through the instrumentality of his greatest affliction, and the weak mind and simple trusting faith of his idiot boy had been strong enough and sufficient to lead the father to the portals of heaven.

AMONG THE HILLS.

BY ELLEN E. HACK.

In my own dear native clime,
'Mid this glorious Summer's prime,
When the scenes my childhood knew,
Clothed in beauty, meet my view—
Earth like Eden blossoming—
Surely I should gayly sing!

When the tones that greet my ear
Are the tones of Friendship dear,
And the eyes that look in mine
Beam with kindness, half divine—
Surely, from a deeper string,
Heart, thy music thou should'st fling!

Scenes that happy childhood loved,
Friends by time and trial proved,
Other scenes, and friends as true,
Whom joyfully I style "the new"—
All in this fair Summer-time,
Should set my muse to happy rhyme!

But the earthly note of sadness
That oft comes to check our gladness,
With my song, its sad refrain
Mingles, like a sigh of pain;
Every heart harp sometimes grieves,
Like Autumn winds o'er fallen leaves!

Some I loved are calmly sleeping,
Where the stars their watch are keeping,
In the silent grave at rest,
Pale hands folded on their breast;
Others, parted, who no more
E'er may greet me on Time's shore.

All these sorrows, friend of mine,
And the griefs which make us pine,
Mingled with the joys that bless—
Which our grateful songs confess—
Teach this truth where'er we roam,
Earth is not our happiest home!

AMERICAN GIRLS.*

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

OUR daughters—what is to be their lot in life? This is a question that thousands of parents are now asking with peculiar solicitude. In one respect we are far more anxious for them than for our sons; for, while our sons are likely to be so tempted by their passions and positions as to be guilty of misconduct, our daughters, from their sensitiveness and dependence, are more exposed to misfortune. Our misgiving as to the future of our sons is mainly on account of what they may be tempted to do, while our misgiving as to the future of our daughters is mainly on account of what may happen to them. By nature and association a girl is, in respectable society, far more effectually guarded from immorality than a boy, yet by no means more effectually guarded from suffering. Her delicate organization, that feels so much more quickly the play of heat and cold, feels quite as quickly the smiles and frowns, the warmth and chills, in the social sphere.

A woman, as such, is more in the passive tone than man, and however gifted may be her intellect, she rather waits on fortune than commands it. The great event in her social lot is a type of her whole destiny. In marriage she is the party to be sought, and loses her prestige the moment she seems to be the party seeking. In the Court of Fortune, too, her position is much the same, and they are few, and by no means the most winning of their sex, who can lay aside the usual feminine delicacy and reserve, and march with bold stride up the heights of fame and fortune, without allowing the sweeping petticoat to interfere with the freedom of their step. We may lament that it is so, and that so many noble women wait, and wait apparently in vain, for a lot worthy of their mind and heart; yet so it has been, and so it is likely to be till some signal changes are made in our social order.

There is a great deal of permanent truth in what Martin Luther said to his wife Catherine when she was weeping convulsively over the body of their dear daughter: "Do not take on so, dear wife; remember that this is a very hard world for girls, and say, 'God's will be done.'" For girls who have their own way to

make this is a hard world in the most obvious sense, for it is far from easy for them to win a proper living. For girls, too, whose way is made for them by the wealth and care of parents, this is not always an easy world, for the heart may be more exacting as means more abound, and the affections may be starved or tortured in a home overflowing with luxuries.

In our American life the natural dependence of woman upon circumstances is increased by a variety of causes. Here woman has a peculiar delicacy of physical constitution that makes her especially sensitive to external influences, even when in tolerable health, and renders it very difficult for her to keep herself in full health. Whether it is the climate, or our way of living, or whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain that the American girl is a very delicate plant; beautiful, indeed, in comparison with others; more exquisitely organized than the English and German girl, and more self-relying than the Italian or French, yet not generally strong in nerve and muscle, and too ready to fade before her true midsummer has come. The statistics given us by such alarmists as Miss Catherine Beecher, in her memorable and important book on the health of American women, may be too partial in their character, and deal too exclusively with the dark side of the subject, yet the facts stated can not be questioned, and if there be a brighter side the dark side must still be recognized.

We have heard persons who might be expected to know what they say, declare that they can hardly name a single instance of perfect health among the young women of their acquaintance, and the physicians whom we hear speaking of the subject not seldom lose their patience in setting forth the miseries of feminine invalidism, with its shattered nerves and morbid circulations. If half of what is said is true, it is one-half too much; and if our mothers had not been better gifted with maternal faculties than the candidates now ready for the bridal ring, the present number of the native American population could be accounted for only by miracle, not by natural descent. If the ill were confined to the over-luxurious and the affluent, the marvel would be less; but the truth is, that the daughters of the farmer and the mechanic, who are not exposed to such excesses of indulgence, are not exempt from the same lot; and perhaps the most melancholy portion of the statistics of female health in America is furnished by the medical annals of some of our country towns. It may be, and probably is the case, that in such towns the laws of diet, dress, air, and exercise are more ignored and neglected

*This excellent article we have selected from a work of Mr. Osgood's, recently published by the Harpers, entitled, "*American Leaves*," a volume full of good, practical thoughts.—Ed.

than in families of tolerable intelligence in the city; and we are quite certain that sometimes the daughters of hard-working farmers eat, dress, sleep, and idle in a way very rare even among city fashionists.

In affluent families in the city the cookery is usually tolerable, and hot cakes green with saleratus, and pastry heavy as lead, are monstrosities never seen, while the sleep-rooms are ample and well-ventilated, wholly unlike the stunted bed-rooms in which some country people shut themselves up, and even in the heat of Summer persist in shutting down the windows, from fear of the damp or the pestilence in the night-air. We believe that, on the whole, our city people take as much exercise—certainly as much out-door exercise—as is habitual with a large class of country girls. We have known a farmer's daughter look upon a walk of a mile to Church as an intolerable grievance, and we have been amazed to find the idea current in some country families that walking is hardly a desirable process, and that a stroll through the pleasant green lanes to as great a distance as a city belle often condescends to sweep with her dainty crinoline in Broadway or the Avenue, is a thing not to be thought of. Such cases may be exceptions, yet it is strange that they exist at all, and we must regard it as one of the causes of the ill health of American girls in the medium ranks of society that notions of inactivity and unnatural living that are wholly exploded in the most favored quarters, still keep their foothold in more lowly homes, and perhaps are cherished as proofs of superior gentility.

On the whole, it may be true that the country is quite on the level with the city in its exposure of the health of daughters, and that quite as much mischief is done by neglect of the common laws of diet, air, and exercise in the farm-house, as is done by the late hours and exciting pleasures of city mansions. Better ideas are indeed making progress, yet far too tardily, and in many cases the jewel of health is lost before the secret of its preservation is found. For our own part, we could rejoice in the rise of a new order of missionaries, whose mission it should be to preach the law and gospel of health, as a part of the doctrine of salvation by the water of baptism and the bread of life. The water and the bread that signify spiritual purification and nurture have also their physical significance, and the time may be near for bringing health of soul and body into nearer than the usual connection. Certainly, if the two are ever so near as to be identical, it is in the education of those who are to be mothers,

and whose health or sickness may be the blessing or bane to the mind and body of their offspring.

Very likely the climate of America gives to our women something of the delicacy to their constitution, yet our habits of living and our stimulating social system contribute quite as much toward the result. Our social system, in one respect, is more stimulating to the nerves of women than the social systems of the Old World with its hereditary rank and fixed conventions. Here all the paths of fame and fortune are nominally open to all aspirants, and our young people, in most communities, are brought up in schools and Churches where a feeling of social equality prevails. Our sons begin life quite ready to contest the highest rewards of business and politics with their richer school-fellows, and our daughters have very nearly the same tastes and expectations, whatever may be the differences of rank or fortune. The boy is trained to rough it in the fight, and if he can not reach his first aim, he persists till he finds some work or place worth possessing. But the girl, far more sensitive, with tastes more exacting and gifts less obtrusive, is left far more at the mercy of circumstance, and may find herself at once set wholly apart from the society of the schoolmate who was next her in the class, perhaps her confident in play-hours without being her equal in study. A limited purse, an uncongenial home, objectionable relatives, or one of a thousand causes may separate the sensitive and aspiring school-girl from her cherished associates, and may make her whole life seem a disappointment because it falls below the standard of girlish aspiration. So true is it that our American society gives to most of our well-educated girls the same ideal of what is desirable, and makes them very sensitive to the charms of that ideal without by any means equalizing proportionately the means of attaining the mark. Very soon that arbiter of social distinction that is no where more powerful than here—wealth with its heraldry of dress—begins to show its scepter and proclaim its sway, and the girls who before played together merrily in the plain gowns of the school-room, find themselves parted widely asunder by the costumes of the drawing-room; and pretty Fanny, in her muslin and ribbon, may seem even to herself a creature of coarser mold than stately Georgiana with her brocade and diamonds.

We may call this sensitiveness to externals in the young women of America ludicrous or contemptible, yet it is a great and melancholy fact—a fact to be estimated not only by the

tears and heart-burnings which it causes, but by the petulant tempers, the pretentious and unjustifiable extravagance, the ill-assorted marriages, which are the not infrequent result. There are probably few parents in moderate circumstances in our cities and towns who are not troubled by the painful dependence of their daughters upon externals, and the mortifying comparisons which are apt to be instituted by the prevalent scale of external distinctions. In our cities, the differences that are very soon instituted between girls who were equals at school by differences of dress and style of living may seem to be more conspicuous, yet it must be remembered that in cities the schools themselves in a measure forestall the more extreme comparison, by bringing together into the more costly seminaries scholars of a certain average amount of privilege, while in the large towns or secondary cities it is no usual thing for all the young people to be brought together as companions in the same schools, and we know high schools in which—we are glad that it is so—the daughters of the blacksmith and drayman sit side by side with the daughters of the judge and the banker.

Now, this republicanism in education stands in marvelous contrast with the non-republicanism of society; and the contrast is becoming greater, instead of less, by the growing expensiveness of social habits. They who were equals and perhaps fond companions at school, find that mutual embarrassments spring from continuing the intimacy, and that each is becoming more marked by style of dress or entertaining than by intellectual endowments. The blacksmith's daughter tasks her father's purse too much by arraying herself in attire fitting for the banker's party or ball, and even the successful professional man finds it difficult to keep his daughters on tolerably equal terms in society with his richer neighbors. Brilliant gifts, of talent or beauty, may, indeed, set at naught more superficial distinctions; but these are very rare, and with young women of average endowments it must be allowed that the rising ostentation is having more and more power, and working against the equalizing tendency of American education.

The simple cost of dressing moderately within the requirements of what is called good society in our cities and large towns, is a very formidable item in the calculation of families of moderate means, and to a young woman of refined tastes, who is dependent upon her own exertion for support, the sum is often quite disheartening. A girl of superior gifts and education may, indeed, by teaching, maintain herself hand-

somely, and even assist her infirm relatives; but the usual compensation of a teacher is generally a meager support; for what will two or three or four hundred dollars a year even in gold do toward boarding and clothing a person of delicate tastes and fastidious associations? When a young woman depends upon more arduous and less lucrative labors, such as those of the needle, she must burn the lamp of sacrifice as well as toil, and not only abandon her time but also her cherished love of ornament to the inexorable necessity.

Certainly the great tragedy of American life is writing itself now in the fortunes of the hosts of women dependent upon precarious means of support. In one respect the tragedy is sometimes deeper with the young than the mature, for to the young it brings greater temptation to couple shame with sorrow, and sacrifice virtue for bread and costume. We know very well how powerful a safeguard the American girl has in her pure instincts and Christian breeding; yet the safeguard is not always effectual, and the streets of our city too often bring to light the shame that has been hiding itself in our quiet towns and rural villages. Not sensuality, we believe, but the desire, so universal in America, of appearing well dressed, causes the downfall of the greater number of American girls who lapse from purity. Fearful stories have come to our ears of cases quite near to the rightful sympathies of Christian people, and they that study the subject most thoroughly are very sure to mingle pity with their condemnation. To most parents, the mere supposition of a daughter's disgrace is an utter monstrosity not to be thought of for a moment. May it always continue to be so considered! and that it may be so, the causes that sometimes tempt innocence to shame must be studied and guarded against.

In our solicitude for the lot of American daughters, we confess that we think more anxiously of the general average than of exceptional cases, whether above or below the average. We think more frequently of the girls in our public schools, who are to share the common welfare and decide the general character of the nation, than of the few rich who are petted in our palaces, or the few poor who are left to starve in our streets. Our standard American woman ought to be a fair representative of the common lot, and we look for her in the pleasant array of intelligent faces that cheer the visitor at our public school examinations, from year to year.

Go into one of our best schools on such a day, and meditate upon the probable destiny

of that great company. Listen to the recitation of that first class of some fifty girls, and try in their faces to read the horoscope of their destiny. At first sight they may seem almost as much alike as if all of one circle of relatives, yet a closer scrutiny reveals the wildest differences of fortune, position, and even of nationality. Of most of them, however, we may predicate one fact, the fact that they are, in the main, to depend upon themselves, and meet the trials incident to American society with a temperament peculiarly ambitious and sensitive. Most of them have been educated by some sacrifice on the part of their parents, and will have no dowry except a good education, and a little help in setting up their household gods, whenever they have a household of their own. Most of them are evidently not robust, and even their prettiness is purchased by fragility of frame, and in too many of them the paleness or the delicate bloom of the cheek, and the fine lines of the lip and the nostrils, are offset by a stoop of the shoulders, and a narrowness of the chest.

We are not disposed to croak over their future, but we can not promise them, on the whole, a very easy lot, whether they marry or remain single. Some high prizes are to be distributed among them in the lottery of life, but the blanks are to be more numerous unless a high purpose shall elevate to its own level a mediocre or a lowly lot. They may be spared the ills that haunt the more ambitious heads of the procession from the fashionable boarding-school that marches by them in their promenade, yet they will not escape all the evils of social ostentation—and some of them, perhaps, may chase the gilded toy more eagerly because they see it only in the enchantment of distance. Ten or fifteen years will make marvelous revelations to those fifty maidens, and will call not a few of them away from the world.

Those of the company whose lot is most to be cherished as an example are those of them who bless some honest man's home as wife and mother, and adorn and enlarge with a true woman's grace the moderate share of worldly good bestowed. Two or three of them may be called to preside over splendid mansions, with husbands of large wealth, more probably acquired than inherited; and at least quite as many will lure perplexed husbands into reckless extravagance, and sacrifice the household to the frequent American folly of trying to seem what we are not, and destroying the reality of peace to keep up the appearance of pride.

A considerable number of the fifty will never marry—for it is evident that the proportion of

marriage does not increase among the educated class in America, especially among those who are trained to study actions in their consequences, and to temper impulse by discretion; and the moment the mercantile habit of counting the cost prevails, the list of marriages signally falls. In the year 1850 the number of marriages in the United States, according to the census, was 197,029, while the number of deaths was 324,394, including 52,504 slaves. In England and Wales, the year before, the number of marriages was 141,599, and the number of deaths was 219,052—the ratio of marriages to deaths there being somewhat greater than with us. Part of the high ratio in Great Britain is to be accounted for by the improvidence of the poor, who marry as readily as animals mate, without reckoning consequences, and part of it may be more hopefully accounted for by the less exacting standard of common life there, and the willingness of people in moderate circumstances to live according to their means, as their fathers and mothers did before them.

Our observation in this country—which has been pretty wide and various—leads us to believe that, in proportion to the male population, a larger number of marriages takes place in country towns, where farm life makes a wife an economy as well as a comfort, and in manufacturing places, where young people of simple habits and quick sensibilities are brought much into each other's company. Our impression is, that in American cities the ratio of marriage in proportion to the male population, is on the decrease; a fact which we ascribe in part to the increase of the expenses of living incident to the inflation, not only of the prices of provisions, but of the demands of social ambition; and in part to the growth of European habits among us, and the facilities, for licentious pleasures.

As to this latter point—the facilities for licentiousness—we have been lately startled by statistics of European States on this subject, in a pamphlet from the pen of an English clergyman—Rev. R. Everest—who has given a comparative view of the proportion of marriages to population in Europe, and shown the remarkable coincidence between the existence of extravagant habits and general licentiousness, especially in the contrast between the small ratio of marriages and the large ratio of the illegitimate births in the imperial cities and the court districts, and the ratio between the two in the more plebeian cities and districts.

Wherever two castes prevail, and a certain class are bound to a certain rate of expense and style, marriage is invariably much re-

stricted, and the titled class tend to corrupt the poor and untitled. In this country, where no hereditary rank exists, social ambition is creating castes almost as offensive, and often quite as corrupting; and in our great cities the number of men constantly increases, whose tastes, or ambition, or selfishness preclude them from marriage under their average opportunities; and hence the very obvious result of an increasing proportion of persons who live by pandering to their licentiousness.

Whatever may be the cause, marriage is on the decrease among the more wary, thoughtful classes; and we can not but be impressed by the authoritative statistics of Massachusetts, which state that there is a greater proportion of marriages among the foreign residents, most of whom are comparatively poor and unthrifty. We are quite certain that, taking any considerable number of years in the aggregate, the ratio of marriages to population decreases with the increase of habits of extravagance, and the necessity of keeping up a costly establishment. We believe that marriages will decrease till the times or manners change, and that among the facts that are to shape the destiny of the daughters of America, especially in the older and more luxurious cities, we must number the relatively fewer chances to be offered in the matrimonial lottery, and the moral necessity of there being a larger proportion of unmarried women.

We do not say that marriage is of itself a blessing, irrespective of character and circumstance—and are quite ready to allow that to marry ill is worse by far than not to marry at all—yet we quite as firmly believe that a good marriage is the best condition for woman as for man; and we can not but regret the tendency that must keep so many of our daughters single, so long as they abide by the tastes in which they have been educated. A father whose heart is in the right place, and who loves his daughters as a true father always will; can not, indeed, be accused of wishing to be rid of his daughters, and so far as his own personal feelings are concerned he would rejoice to have them always with him; but this may not be, since time and change are always at work, and the daughter's welfare is better secured by a new home that may continue after the old home is broken up, and father and mother are no more.

We confess that we are advocates for marriage, and for marriages as early as the laws of health and the dictates of prudence allow. Young people are saved from many evils by identifying their whole destiny with each other's, and the wife's affections and the husband's purity

are then in the best possible keeping, under God's law and Christ's grace. We know very well that theorists of extreme classes who have noted the decrease in the number of marriages in high life, are inclined to rejoice at it, and for opposite reasons—the one class because they think celibacy to be the higher condition, the other class because they think the old relation of the wife to the husband wholly wrong, and any change is to be welcomed that obliges woman to make herself independent of man, and cease to wait in any way upon his favor.

Without arguing with the ascetic the question whether, to certain persons of peculiar position and temperament, celibacy may not be a duty, we are content to say, that, on the whole, monastic life, in its best estate, has little charm to a large and thoughtful observer of man's nature and God's providence; and if, in certain cases, the cowl and veil have fallen upon men and women who were virgins for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the cowl and the veil do not of themselves imply virginal affections, and when not assumed voluntarily they are apt to imply or create quite the opposite state of mind. A community in a large proportion nominally celibate is not usually conspicuous for the contentment of the women or the purity of the men, and we do not believe that heaven is like to be any nearer the hosts of celibates, who are now made such, not by any monastic rules, nor in any Libyan deserts, but by the artificial exactions of fashion, and in the hotels and monster boarding-houses of our cities. We believe that a true Christian wife has a purity that angels may not scorn, and many a nun might covet, and that the man who keeps his marriage-vows need not ask of any ghostly monk for lessons in manly virtue. The longer we live the more we reverence God's obvious law, and the less admire the devices of men who forbid marriage, and so undertake to be wiser than God.

We quite as little incline to follow those alleged reformers who promise to bring on a new future of woman by making her the rival of man. We already acquiesce in all reasonable efforts to rid her of legal and social burdens—to secure to her the rights of person, property, and employment. We believe that a much wider field should be opened for her gifts, and that many branches of art both useful and ornamental have been wrongly closed against her. At the same time she is herself and not man, and she is made less effective then instead of more so by training her to imitate man either in speech, manner, or costume.

We believe in the petticoat as an institution

older and more sacred than the Magna Charta; and although in these days of boundless skirts we can not exactly say that we hope its shadow may never be less, we do honestly believe that its dominion is coeval with that of true civilization, and that man loses the only authority that can effectually tame him when woman loses the delicacy of mind and costume that marks her as his counterpart and not as his rival. The masculine school of woman's rights reformers have hurt the sex whom they profess to befriend, by disparaging the traits most characteristic of their nature, and giving them a certain boldness and hardness that fail of being manly and are ashamed of being womanly.

For our part, we are willing to own honestly the mutual dependence of the sexes, and their duty to bless each other by being what God has made them. We men can have no true heart or home without a good woman's blessing, and no gift of fortune or favor seems blessed till a wife, or daughter, or mother smiles upon it as woman only can smile. Why may not she honestly return the sentiment, and say that a woman never finds her true sphere till, in some relation of life, and chief of all in her own home, a true man's wisdom and strength harmonize with her trusting affection and quick perception! She will own this truth, and she is too sagacious not to see that she loses her hold on man the moment that she begins to rival him by stentorian speech or by pantalooned strides. But God's providence is a better teacher than we can hope to be, and his wisdom is proved by the lot of the most obstreperous champions of woman's rights. The mother silences the Amazon, and the female agitators and orators of the pulpit and the rostrum appear at the cradle very much as other women; and the closed pulpit and the silent rostrum are signs not of mob violence but of the workings of Nature's gentle law.

Although not agreeing with the ascetic or the radical as to the means of emancipating woman from the yoke of marriage, we do believe that much may and should be done to secure to her a larger self-reliance and usefulness, to train her to be energetic without being masculine, and so to rule her education as to give her truer dignity and freedom, whether married or single. The same social progress that will make marriage more practicable and hopeful will make single life more dignified, and without believing in any social nostrums that shall at once cure all domestic ills, we are convinced that due thought on the part of earnest parents and teachers, preachers and authors, can work out a better day for the destiny of our daughters.

We need to apply the first principles of good sense to the current modes of living, and demand some other sanction than mere fashion for the style of expense which we think authoritative. The matter of dress, furniture, house building, servants, entertainments, and all the household economies, that have so much to do with the destiny of woman, need to be thoroughly revised, and a substantial check put to the extravagance that is putting the yoke of nominal poverty upon young women of moderate means, and shutting them out from the comforts of a true home, while it burdens the nominally rich with constantly-increasing competitions and discontents.

Good taste may do much toward checking extravagance, and we seriously believe that a more artistic eye would often lessen by one-half the cost of dress and furniture, and save our daughters from the barbarous folly that sacrifices true beauty to mere expensiveness. It may cost something too much to dress handsomely, yet it is clear that the best-dressed women do not spend the most money on their clothes, and that they who are most likely to ruin their husbands by their monstrous bills at the jewelers or silk and lace stores, generally succeed more in imitating the fashion-plate of our magazines and the windows of our fancy stores, than in presenting a fairer image of feminine humanity decked with the pearl of greatest price. It will be a day worth noting in the calendar when woman emancipates herself from the yoke of vulgar fashion, and when good taste and true beauty, not the scale of mere expensiveness and rarity, preside over her wardrobe and drawing-room.

The basis of all true reform, however, must be deeper than taste or sentiment. It must be in character, that finds its best treasure not in the accidents but in the substance of being, and believes with the Master that life does not consist in the abundance of things possessed. The good old Christianity that has stood by the daughters of the Church through so many struggles is to stand by them still in the peculiar crisis of our new ages. The problem once was to save woman from the hand of barbaric lust and place her under the protection of the sanctuary, and the problem was solved. The problem now is, how to save her from the yoke of modern materialism, and to secure to pure character and spiritual faith a respect and influence that the world is now eager to monopolize for wealth and ostentation. This problem, too, will be solved, and they who solve it under God's law, and with Christ's grace, will be the best benefactors of our daughters.

SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. E. L. BICKNELL.

A DESIRE for sympathy is inherent in the human heart; like the tendrils of the vine seeking support, it craves a listening, appreciative consideration of the trials, infirmities, and bereavements, which are apportioned to the sons and daughters of Adam. No other principle can win so entirely the affections, or sway with such power the mind of another.

It is the cement, as it were, uniting the various blocks in the temples of earthly friendship—requiring a discriminating architect, one who will never seek to temper and solidify the sandstone with the marble; and, as in architecture, so in life, affinities exist which should be regarded.

Much that is vaunted as sympathy is no more than the steel instrument of the surgeon; but a familiar curiosity, unavailing the workings of a mind by leading it to contemplate its most painful memory, by recalling every shade of the grief-penciled picture, by tearing open the slowly-healing wound, till the victim writhes in a sorrow almost unendurable.

Nor are the tears which flow so readily at the perils and perplexities of the love-lorn in romances, any indication of tenderness for real woe. They who weep over paper tragedies are seldom as demonstrative in regard to the toiler or sufferer beneath their own roof-tree, where friendly aid or kindly word might quicken the wheels of duty and stimulate the feeble pulse.

There is, also, an intrusive kindness, proceeding from a sincere desire to comfort the afflicted, which loses its virtue by inappropriateness.

"The baby is better off," said one of this class to a pale, young mother, who stood gazing upon the still beauty that Death had thrown over the features of her first-born—her only one. She was then struggling with emotion, striving for the composure of resignation—when these words, "better off," fell upon her heart with a chill never forgotten.

"It is nothing to lose a little child like that, to the parting with a grown-up son like mine," remarked another, whose own recent bereavement rendered her selfish, and whose nature had little culture of the finer sensibilities belonging to others. A very old lady sat in the room, and addressing the speakers rather than the weeper, said, "I have buried children—little ones and those who had reached maturity, but have always thought it a keener separation, a more pungent bitter, than any other, to lay a baby from the cradle into the coffin."

"O, you know how I feel!" sobbed the mourner, and in the days that followed, when the experiences that ever come—of stepping lightly through fear of disturbing its slumber—of rising quickly to go to it—of reaching out the hand in the night half dreaming to know if it was covered and warm—of the irrepressible yearnings to fold it in the bosom again—experiences establishing death's fact—in these days how often the mother turned to that one human being, whose true, timely sympathy enabled her to pray, weep, talk, and comfort the grieving!

Too often a tone of declamation has prevented the good effect of a wise sentence, while a clasp of the hand and husky "God pity thee" have given a moment's cheer to the deepest distress.

Yet there are conditions of sorrow where the most delicate discernment can hardly discover a cord that the gentlest hand would dare to touch. "There was a time when I scorned the world's pity," said one; "a time when my proud heart could not brook the knowledge that any one pitied me; and yet I would have wept to have seen the darkest woman on the green earth endure and suffer as I did then."

How many in homes of wealth and position, pine over disappointments and wrongs, unsympathized in any ear, borne through weary years in secret and in silence! What balm of healing can serve for them! Only such faith as enabled those of old to open the roof and lay the "sick of the palsy" at the Savior's feet; only to be borne by such faith and prayer, can avail for them.

No better model can be presented for our improvement in quickening perception and offering sympathy to the stricken and sorrowful than in the record of "Him who went about doing good." The great Sympathizer repelled no manifestation of human sorrow or affliction by cold philosophy or unwelcome comparisons; but administered consolations that cheered and attested his love—by tears which fell for the friend at Bethany—by compassion which restored to life the Nain widow's son—which opened the long-sealed eyes of Bartimeus—which blessed with such glorious hope of eternal life such evidence of Divine presence as to reassure the smitten disciples.

THE idea that constant politeness would render social life stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of it. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others as you would like to be treated yourself.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY JENNIE BRANKSTON.

"Where woman hath endured,
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more Divine."

I CLOSED the fascinating memoirs of Josephine with a sigh of regret that the pleasure of reading it was ended. While perusing it, I had identified myself with the amiable and beautiful being whose varied fortunes my fancy followed with intense interest. I saw her rising from the lot of a peasant girl, to become the partner of the dark master-spirit whose fearful passions she alone could soften and control. The splendid scenes of the coronation rose before my mind's eye. I saw Josephine, radiant in beauty, kneeling before the mighty arbiter of the fate of nations, while he placed the glittering symbol of power on the head of her who was "once a poor friendless woman."

I shared, too, the emotion which swelled her bosom and dimmed her eyes with tears, as the rapturous plaudits of the countless multitudes burst upon her ear. I beheld her the idol of a gallant, a polished, and intellectual people, diffusing happiness by her smiles, and joy following her footsteps. A little while, and the incense of flattery no longer shed its rich perfume for her. I saw her neglected and forsaken—rudely torn from him who was her only hope. Her gentle heart, "like a tendril accustomed to cling," was withered and blighted, and she quickly sank to the grave in utter brokenness of heart.

And is this, thought I, all earth has to bestow? The splendor of her destiny surpassed what the wildest imaginings of her youthful fancy could have shadowed forth; but it was evanescent as the dew-drop which is swept from the rose by the first breath of morning. She is gone, and her memorial has perished with her. Her kindness and gentleness won the hearts of all who came within the circle of her fascinations. But she won them for herself; for the self-renouncing spirit of the Gospel held no sway over her spirit. She molded at her will those who approached her; but it was for earth, and not for heaven. Her heart was indeed "open as day to melting charity," but her benefactions were perishing as her own power—held only by the frail tenure of this fleeting life—and where are they? Does one immortal mind, who received through her blest influence that pearl, compared to which the riches of

Golconda's mines are but dust and ashes, now rise up and call her blessed?

Saddened by these melancholy reflections, I opened a volume which had lain neglected while I followed the varied fortunes of Josephine—the simple, unadorned "Memoirs of an Only and Beloved Sister." As I read its quiet details, a far different scene was presented to my view. I saw a young and timid girl, scarcely known beyond the limits of her own household band, stretched upon the couch of sickness. Her lot was lowly; and, with a frame naturally delicate now prostrated by a hopeless and excruciating malady, she seems to call for the tenderest sympathy. But not a murmuring word escapes her lips. A heavenly serenity beams in her mild countenance, and she is rendered insensible to bodily suffering by some high and holy purpose which engrosses her whole soul. A few ignorant children are gathered at her bedside, and she is addressing them in low, earnest tones. I can not catch their import, but the theme evidently awakens all the sympathies of her heart, and illuminates her pale face with the radiance of an angel. Her young auditors, too, appear to be deeply moved, and feeling and intelligence gradually beam from those countenances which so recently exhibited but the inanity of ignorance and stupidity. Now they fall on their knees beside her; and her eyes and clasped hands are raised to heaven, while her voice ascends, solemn and sweet, in tones of fervent supplication.

Ah! now I learn the high purpose, the undying hope, which has power to triumph over the death-like agonies which torture her frame. She is supplicating the King of kings to place on the brows of these young immortals unwithering crowns, and to clothe them in the spotless robes of her Savior's righteousness. Her voice is choked with emotion, and the tears fall thick and fast from the eyes of that youthful band who are kneeling before her. I hear no enthusiastic plaudits from mortals like myself. All is silent in that lonely room; but a voice, sweet as the music of a seraph's lyre, whispers, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." One of those bright, ministering spirits sent out to minister to the heirs of salvation, announces there the tidings of one of that humble band, "Behold he prayeth," and the abodes of spotless purity ring with the hal-leluiahs of ten thousand times ten thousand, as they cast their glittering crowns before the eternal throne, saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, forever and ever!"

AN ANCIENT LETTER.

BY REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

ANTIOCH IN SYRIA, }
44 A. D. }

MY DEAR BENHASSAN,—I have not forgotten our last interview in Jerusalem. The full moon shed its silvery light, as we walked in the shadow of Solomon's Temple. "I can not go with you on your travels," you said, "my duties as a scribe forbid. But think of your teacher when far away. Write me a full description of the great cities which you are so soon to visit. Be assured, whatever is of interest to you will be of interest to your friend." And so, with a kind embrace, we parted.

I need not describe my journey at length. The caravan was a large one, and the company agreeable. We took the usual route, through Samaria, across the plain of Jezreel, famed for its battles, and then up the sea-coast. The journey was a weary one. Right glad was I when at set of sun we reached the gate of the city, and Antioch received us.

The next day was the holy Sabbath. I spent it with my own countrymen. Many of them reside here, and have obtained great wealth. Such is the pumber and influence of our people that we enjoy equal political privileges with the Greeks. Once we were a peculiar people, and separate from others; we loved to dwell under our own fig-tree, and train the vine upon our native hills. All this is changed. The children of Abraham are scattered among the nations of the earth, and some of them love a bargain quite as much as the Gentile race.

Antioch is beautiful for situation—the joy of all Syria. It is not a city set upon a hill, but it dwells in a lovely valley. The valley sparkles with gushing fountains and running streams. From my open window I see the fields waving with golden grain, and groves of cypress trees, and orchards of finest fruit. Back of the city rises a mountain range of Lebanon—its summit crowned with goodly cedars. Through this range breaks the river which flows by the city and bears away its commerce. The river not only forms a way for itself through the mountain, but leaves a path for the caravans from Nineveh and the far East. The ships take the burden of spices and ivory, and carry them down the river to the Great Sea, and then to Alexandria, Rome, and all parts of the world.

The city was founded three hundred and fifty years ago. The Greek king—so the story goes—selected this site by obeying the indica-

tions of an eagle's flight. The eagle seized a part of the royal sacrifice, and flew with it to the cliff which overhangs this beautiful valley. The omen was accepted as a fortunate one. A city rose to make the place memorable. For a time it was governed by Syrian kings, and then, like our own city, fell under the power of all-conquering Rome. Pompey was pleased to make it a free city, and such it continues till this day.

I took a walk the other day to see the public buildings. I first turned my steps south of the city to Mount Silpius, which rises abruptly with a steep and rugged ascent. The ground has been leveled at the foot of the mount. Here begins a splendid thoroughfare, which extends, straight as an arrow, for a distance of four miles. I walked part of the way along it, under colonnades of whitest marble. Here are the principal buildings, though some are on the island formed by the bend of the river. A short walk brought me to the palace of the Roman governor. The building is of solid stone, and looks as though it was built for all time. It is from morning till late at night the center of life and activity. Here are entertained, in almost royal style, the ambassadors who flock from surrounding nations. Here the Emperor Claudius tarried for a few days. He left just before my arrival, so I did not get a sight of him.

He was delighted with the mild air and beautiful location of this city, which is popularly called the "Queen of the East." "Your city," said he to the governor, "is an Oriental Rome. Gladly would I tarry here, but Rome breaks into riot when the Emperor is away. Rome that subdues the world, must have an Emperor to subdue it." The people are not yet over the effects of his visit. They are full of talk about the splendid shows of the theater, and the magnificence of the wrestling and racing games. I should like to have seen them. I hope, however, to be in Corinth in time to witness the Isthmian games, which are said to be the most imposing ever known among men.

I visited the Temple of Jupiter. It is on a rising piece of ground, and visible from all directions. It is nearly square, and surrounded on all sides by Corinthian columns. In the center of the temple is a colossal statue to the "King of gods and men." Though I hate idolatry with all the fervor of a Jew, I could not repress a feeling of admiration at this beautiful work of art. The face is the noblest of faces. The arm is extended as if wielding the thunderbolt, and the whole figure seems almost alive with mingled dignity and strength.

And yet what is it, after all, but dull, cold marble? My thoughts flew back to that day when Pompey captured Jerusalem, after a three-months' siege. With unholy step he entered the temple. With wicked hands he lifted the sacred vail, which the High-Priest alone lifts but once a year, and saw with greatest surprise—a temple without an image. Little could the poor heathen understand that our God is a spirit and needs no image graven with human hands.

I saw the great aqueduct which Cæsar built. It is fifty feet high, built of great blocks of stone so closely joined together that but little cement is needed. It runs from the mountain, across the valley, and over the river toward the Great Sea. It is a work as lasting as the hills which are about it. What a great man Cæsar was! He was great as a warrior, but had he lived longer he would have been, if possible, still greater as a builder. It is almost a pity that the dagger of Brutus did its work so well. Still let us not forget the verdict of Cæsar's countrymen: "He was justly slain."

One afternoon I met, in the public place, near one of the gates of the city, a large caravan. It had just arrived from the Indus. The people were in a strange costume, and their language was a strange jargon. There was one man who was the leader of the party, and who spoke Greek, though with a very comical accent. He was rough, though good-natured. I had a long talk with him. He said he had made his last trip, and intended to spend the rest of his days in Antioch. The expense of the journey was great, "but," he added, with a knowing look, "the profits will be far greater."

"What did your camels bring?" I asked.

"They brought mainly spices, ivory, and ebony," was his reply. "A few precious stones are hidden away in the cargo. But our greatest treasure is silk. It is a new and rare article. We shall send it to Rome, where the rich old nobles will gladly give for it its weight in gold."

"You brought some strange-looking people with you," I said.

"Yes," was his reply; "some of them came to see the world, and some to better their fortunes in this great city. That man, in a black gown, with a flowing, white beard, joined me at Nineveh. He expects to make a fortune by reading other men's fortunes by the stars. You should see what a large box of curious instruments he brought with him. Yonder is a prize-fighter, who intends to fight his way to fame. Those two dancing girls were purchased in the capital of the Persian Empire. We will

sell them to the Roman Governor. He will need them to celebrate the coming festival of the Emperor's birthday."

I must not forget to tell you of my excursion to Daphne, a place that is famous throughout the world. It is a village five miles from the city. It was built to accommodate the vast number of pilgrims who come here to visit the Temple of Apollo. This magnificent temple is in the midst of a thick and shady grove of laurel and cypress trees. The temple is adorned by the skill of Grecian artists. It is very rich in gold and in gems, which are the gifts of pious worshipers. The finest work of art that I saw was a statue of Apollo, the genius of the place. He is represented in a bending attitude. A golden cup is in his hand, from which he pours a libation. The oracle has a reputation far and near. No matter of importance is undertaken in Syria without first consulting it. Even foreign nations have sent their agents with costly gifts to listen to the mysterious utterances. Though the answers are often obscure, yet they are often so accurate that public faith is unshaken. The advice of the god Apollo is heard with reverence, and obeyed. As I stood in the temple, a party of four persons came to consult the oracle. I was too far off to hear the question that was asked. I noticed, however, a small opening in the ground, about the center of the temple. The virgin priestess took a seat near by, and when the vapor that ascended began to affect her brain, she uttered in an excited manner what was supposed to be the answer of the god Apollo. The answer was in verse, and rapidly taken down by an attendant priest. There is something about this which, I am free to say, passes my philosophy. Perhaps, Benhassan, you can explain the mystery. Sorry I am that some of our own people—unworthy sons of Israel—seek to make money by all the arts of sorcery. Some are masters in magic. They claim to be able to raise the dead; but their souls will yet suffer for their rashness.

The people of Antioch are a very gay people. They are determined to enjoy life while they have it. Their city is a paradise of sinful pleasure. Elegance is loved more than virtue, and wit more than truth. Sin is deprived of its grossness, and therefore fascinates with a double power. All that can minister to luxury and lust are found here in abundance. A wealthy Roman, who died lately, left a legacy which yields an annual revenue of 30,000 pounds, which is to be devoted to public amusements. Another one has just offered a large reward to the man who would invent

or import some new and unheard-of article of luxury.

Strange people are found in a large city. Who should I meet the other day, just beyond the citadel, but Saul of Tarsus! You remember him, no doubt, when he studied under that excellent Pharisee, Gamaliel. He is, I am sorry to say, not what he once was. He talks much of Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified outside the walls of our city. Saul is a rising man among this new religious party. He calls the believers in Christ as the Messiah the "Saints." The witty people of this city, noted for their odious habit of giving nicknames, call them "Christians." Much learning has made Saul mad. If Christ was crucified, what can the "Christians" ever hope to accomplish? A few years more, and both the name and the party will alike be forgotten. But O! when will the hope of Israel, the true Messiah, come? When will the Jewish war-cry sound, as of old, and the banner be unfurled? When will the yoke of haughty Rome be forever broken, and our fair land, from Dan to Beersheba, be ours indeed, and forever free?

Farewell, my kind instructor. Peace be with you!
BENJAMIN.

OUTWARD BOUND.

SUGGESTED BY THE TITLE-PAGE IN JANUARY REPOSITORY.

BY MRS. MARY E. NEALY.

Out on the surging ocean,
Riding its stormy deep,
With a sublime emotion,
Over the waves we sweep;
Watching the heaving billows,
Circling earth around—
Breaking in foamy pillows,
Murmuring, "Outward bound."

Out on the foaming surges,
Out on the heaving sea,
Even the faintest verges
Of land are fled from me.
Like an endless, waving prairie,
The white crests roll around,
Each dancing like a fairy,
And singing, "Outward bound."

Out from the crowded city,
With its tide of joys and woes,
Where the hidden fount of pity
In an under-current flows—
To the blue depths of the ocean,
With no sign of house or ground,
Where the vessel's heaving motion
Chants ever, "Outward bound."

Out on the world of waters—
Shall we safely reach the shore?
Shall our parents' sons and daughters
Sink forever in its roar?
O holy Savior! guide us,
As we circle earth around;
Let no evil thing betide us,
As we sail—"Outward bound!"

Out on life's rolling surges,
Father, we sail to-day;
O let Faith's strong wind urge us
Along the watery way!
When the storm is threat'ning o'er us,
And the winds like death-knells sound,
Let thy Pole-star shine before us,
As we glide—"Outward bound!"

And when the last dark billow
Our fainting feet must thread,
May thy strong arm be the pillow
To raise each sinking head!
May the happy land we're seeking
Be at last forever found,
And no voice around be speaking,
Evermore, "Outward bound!"

COVER THEM!

Cover them, snow! with your white feet,
Silently tread where our darlings sleep,
You are not whiter, nor colder than they,
Sleeping beneath you in rosewood to-day!

Cover them! here lie the dear young feet,
That are walking to-day on a smoother street,
And here, just here, rests the fair, sweet face,
We thought was the mirror of every grace.

True, they tell us, the month so rare
Shall drink no bitter, nor wormwood there,
Nor sob of woe, nor moan of pain,
Shall part the lips we have kissed again.

We know 't is so, yet the heart will ache,
As we watch the fall of each feathery flake,
And think of the eyes that, a year ago,
Looked out with us on the fall of the snow!

Cover them, snow! it matters not now,
Since they lie sleeping, with mold on the brow,
Mold on the brows that, one dark year ago,
White as pond lilies were, beautiful snow!

Cover them! theirs is a happy loss,
A briery path, and a weary cross,
A weary cross, and the wine of life,
Mixed with gall, and wasted in strife!

Cover them! what though talents be hid
Cold in the bosom beneath the shut lid,
Genius must starve, and the world ne'er know
How much it has lost, till their forms are laid low.

Cover them then! while we turn away,
With breaking heart, to weep and pray,
To weep for the touch of a hand that is gone,
And pray it may guide us in peace to our home!

The Children's Repository.

LITTLE LUCY'S HARD MISTRESS.

BY MRS. M. M'CONAUGHTY.

LITTLE LUCY had a hard mistress, indeed. From the moment she arose in the morning, till the time when she lost herself in sleep at night, she was striving to please her. But the harder she tried, the farther from the mark she came. She was dissatisfied with all that Lucy did for her, and all that any one else did. She never allowed the little girl to go out of her sight. Those same hard eyes were always upon her. How many nights poor Lucy lay awake planning something to please her, but only to meet with the same old disappointment! She never thought enough had been done for her. Other people grew tired of her exactions and began to neglect her, but poor Lucy could not get away; she was bound to her.

I dare say you have often thought what a hard lot that must be—to have your father and mother dead, and you obliged to leave your pleasant home and go away to serve strangers, who might be very unkind to you. Lucy's parents were both living, and felt as badly as any one to see their dear little daughter such a slave, but they could not get her away; she was bound, you see.

She lived in a fine house and had a great many handsome things about her, but these could not make her happy while she was in such a sad bondage. I will tell you the name of this tyrannical mistress, so if ever she asks you to come and live with her, you may say *no* at once. She promises very fair at first, but when she once gets you in her power then she binds the chains upon you.

Her name is SELF. There is no counting the number of people she has enslaved and made miserable. Never one that served her, was happy; every one has had the same experience. The harder they worked to please her, the worse she has treated them, and the more dissatisfied she has always grown. She is always most unkind to her best subjects. Lucy went into her service very early. Her mother was very sorry when she saw her greedily eating all her fruits and candies by herself, refusing to share them with any little mates, for then she knew that she was serving Self. But her mother thought herself very kind, and she could not bear to deny her little girl any thing she wished, if she

could get it for her. What if Lucy had wished to eat a bright-red spray of poison berries! would it have been very kind to let her? The kindest thing she could have done was to have refused to let her have her own way a great many times when she did have it. Not even with her little brother Charley would she share her good things. If mother bought something for one she must for both, as there was no generosity to appeal to. If other people were not so considerate and gave Charley an apple, an orange, or a toy, she would sulk and pout over it for a whole evening. If she could she would drive some sharp bargain with him and get it herself, giving him some trifle which she made him believe was quite as valuable as his gift which she thus traded for.

Serving "Self" made Lucy do a great many dishonorable, disgraceful things. She was always looking out for "the biggest half," when she could not get the whole of any thing. One morning she had permission to go out with Charley and his little cousin and pick blackberries in a field. The children started in great delight, but Self soon came in to mar their pleasure.

"Now," said Lucy, "I am to go first and you and Ned may come after me. But you must n't go any faster than I do; I am the oldest."

So the children trudged along till it became plain that Lucy would pick all the ripe berries and leave only the red ones for them. Then they complained that she was not fair. But Lucy had a sharp, decided way with her, and told them she was the oldest, so they must do just as she said. If they did n't she would go back to the house, and mother would not let them go alone. They were obliged to submit, or lose the walk. So Lucy went on ahead and picked her cup full of bright blackberries, while the little ones had only a few sour and unripe ones. It was not a very pleasant excursion for them, but I should a thousand times rather be in their place than in hers. When she came home she sat on the door-steps under the shade of the silver maples and leisurely eat her fruit, never offering a berry even to her mother. I wondered, as I watched her, if she could be happy and so thoroughly selfish too. But her scowling brows gave no token of pleasure. I presume she was vexed because there were not more of the berries, or else they were not as sweet as she expected. Perhaps, too, she was provoked that the children had some cakes given them, which they were enjoying as they played together. They did not gratify her by teasing for a share of her fruit, for they knew

it was of no use. They tried to forget all about it in some new amusement.

Lucy had often heard about the "golden rule" in her Sabbath school, but she had never learned to put it in practice. She did very differently from what she wished others to do to her. She wished them "not to be selfish, but to give her all," while she gave back nothing in return.

In a far country there is a great sea called the Caspian, which has some great subterranean ravine through which its waters are poured out. Whatever rains may fall upon it, however many rills and rivers may flow into it, the water never rises, and never sends out a rivulet in return to make glad a thirsty land. All is swallowed up in the great salt lake itself. Now very much like this are many selfish people. However full the showers of blessings God sends down upon them, they never give back a dew-drop of kindness to gladden another heart.

The merry Christmas times came around as usual, and mother tried very hard to make her little children happy. She was obliged to trim two trees for them, for this selfish girl would not allow her little brother to have a toy placed on hers. She was very impatient all the day, and would have peeped into the closet to see her presents, if mother had not kept it securely locked and the key in her pocket.

"So early in the evening
Before the clock strikes nine,
The little waxen candles
Among the green leaves shine,"

and the parlor doors were opened wide for the two little ones to enter. There were loud exclamations of pleasure for a moment, and little Charley soon had his hands full of soldiers, and his fine white "mooly cow" was setting on the carpet ready to say "moo, moo" every time he took her by the horns and pulled her head around. Her bright, shiny eyes seemed to be looking straight at you whichever way you turned.

Little Lucy seemed very well suited with her waxen baby with real curls of flaxen hair, and she set out on her small tea-tray her pretty set of dishes with great satisfaction. They were about a fourth the size of mother's tea-cups, and had a pretty band of green and gold about their dainty rims. She thought she should have a delightful time taking tea from them when little girls came to visit her. As soon as she could after breakfast next morning she ran over to her little neighbor, Fanny Raymond's, to see her Christmas things. From that minute her pleasure was all gone.

Miss Fanny's aunt in the city had sent her a very expensive set of baby china, with gold bands and a tiny sprig of blue on each little cup. There were double the number of pieces that there were in Lucy's. Then there was a dear little silver castor with crystal bottles in it, and a great doll which could walk across the table in a very stately manner, and if properly pressed could say what was supposed to be "mamma."

Lucy went home very soon, feeling that she was a much abused little girl because she could not have such presents. Hers were all such "common, every-day things," she said with great contempt as she pushed them from her. Poor mother was much discouraged at the result of all her pains, but she was hardly surprised at it. She was becoming accustomed to such scenes; Lucy's future life was as unlovely as her childhood gave promise. But what was saddest of all, she grew up a stranger to Christ's love. No one can be a follower of Jesus and a servant of self at the same time. "No man can serve two masters;" "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

KITTY'S VERSE.

BY COUSIN EULINA.

"I WILL try very hard, mamma," said Kitty.
"And I think I can say it perfectly now."

"Well, darling, let me hear it." So Kitty repeated slowly, but with great satisfaction: "'Charity suffereth long and is kind.' There! that's right, is n't it? Now I'll go and play with Puff."

The plump little ball of a kitten thus named was snugly curled away in some corner with her paws folded over her nose, dreaming doubtless of coming cathood and future mice, so she could not be found. Kitty was checked in her search for the missing pet by the entrance of sturdy Dick, who had three years the start of his little sister in life's race, and considered himself correspondingly ahead of her.

"Out of my way, Kit!" he shouted. "I've got no end of study before school-time. How you do scatter your things about!" and with a well-aimed blow Dick swept from the table a heap of Kitty's small possessions left there from yesterday's play. Poor Kitty sprang to prevent the hasty hands, but too late, and the next moment saw her cherished transparent slate in fragments on the floor. The tears flew to her eyes, and the angry words to her lips,

but her verse was fresh in her mind and mamma's words still sounded in her ears. So with a great sob she sat down to pick up her treasures.

Dick looked as if "did n't mean to" was written all over his bright face as he surveyed his work and his sister's quivering lips.

"What a shame! I'm really sorry, Kitty, but I was in such a hurry, you see. Why, what's up? you have n't said a cross word!"

"I am angry, though; at least I was," said little Kitty, who was the soul of truth. "But I remembered my verse and what mamma said."

"What was that?" said Dick; so Kitty repeated her verse with her mother's explanation, adding, "I promised to remember that charity means love, and to be kind to-day. Only it is hard work and I'm afraid I shall fail."

"Well, I'll keep an eye on you myself," said Dick, who had much faith in his own strength and capacity. "Any how you're really jolly not to be vexed at me. I'm ever so sorry I made a muss with your things, and I'll get you another slate some time."

Dick turned to his books, and Kitty having returned his kiss of peace-offering, betook herself to the nursery, and the comfort of a frolic with baby. Alas, for her disappointment! Nurse was sewing, the baby was asleep, and Kitty's mamma bade her take toddling Fred to the garden and amuse him for an hour.

"I can have no play at all now," pouted Kitty, "Fred is so restless."

"Patience always goes with charity, darling," whispered mamma with a kiss on the white brow that would frown. So Kitty called back the smiles and amused her little charge faithfully, knowing that her mother's approval was a sweet reward for any toil.

At last Fred was disposed of in his crib, and Kitty's labors, if not her trials, were over. She began to think the latter multiplied beyond endurance when Dick announced that all the Carters were coming to dinner. The Carter children were not very well bred; Kitty remembered their noise and practical jokes with a shudder.

Nor did she find Dick a help that afternoon, for he joined in Alec Carter's laugh when Susie knocked off the waxen nose of Kitty's best doll, and her brother tipped both girls from the swing, to the great damage of muslin frocks and white aprons.

At last the unwelcome guests departed, and Kitty watched their retreating figures through the twilight with satisfaction mingled with vexation.

"It has been just the hardest day! I do be-

lieve it's because I tried to mind my verse—something has happened all the time!"

If Kitty confessed to herself this was a naughty thought, she did not drive it away, but stood meditating it so earnestly she did not hear a stealthy step behind her, till she felt a shock of something cold on her bare shoulder, and Dick's voice sang at her ear, "Beautiful dreamer, waken to me!"

Kitty considered ice a luxury of Summer, but the bit Dick had abstracted from the water-pitcher, and slyly placed on her neck, did not seem appropriate. Her scream and sudden start denoted any thing but enjoyment. That sudden start upset the chair on which she leaned, which knocked down the frail fancy-table close by, which, in its turn, hit and demolished a little statuette of Parian marble, the pride and joy of Kitty's heart. Dick stood dismayed at the house-that-Jack-built-train of accidents following his poor joke. "I did n't mean"—he began, but his sister did not allow him to finish his apology.

"O, you bad boy! You did mean to—you always do—and I won't stand it any longer! You are always teasing me, and I do n't love you one bit. I'll go right and tear up your Robinson Crusoe, and cut your fish-line all to pieces!" And with streaming tears and scarlet cheeks, Kitty rushed away to fulfill her threat, and tumbled into the arms of her mamma, who stood on the threshold.

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," whispered her dear voice, as she held fast her struggling little daughter.

"I do n't care!" cried Kitty, "I have suffered long—very long—all day! And I've been kind and tried to love people—and it's no use at all. It's harder and harder, and worse all the time I try, so-o-o," but here Kitty had no more breath for words, and used it all in a burst of passionate sobbing.

"There is another verse that says, 'Charity never faileth,' my darling," said mamma, holding fast the little girl.

"Then I may as well give up," answered Kitty, between her tears. "For I can not be good, and I do n't and won't love Dick any more."

"Did Jesus say that ever? Even at the time of his cruel death, after he had suffered long, yes, all his life, he said, 'Father, forgive them.'"

Poor Kitty! she would n't look at the sorrowful figure in the window, and she tried not to know that there were tears in the eyes of that blundering, teasing brother. Yet before long mamma had both her children together in

her arms, and impulsive Kitty's kisses were not given to her alone.

Dick looked after the two who presently went up the stairs, and gave himself a vigorous shake. "You're a humbug, Richard Spofford," he said to himself softly. "You were going to keep an eye on that little sister of yours! I should think you had with a vengeance." And he also walked up stairs to bed, with a very soft whistle, more significant than words, and a shining drop or two on his honest cheek.

IT'S REAL MEAN.

"IT'S real mean!"

"So I think. Do you know she has reduced my rank one-fourth, just for one failure. It's no use for me to compete for the prize. There!" and a very unbecoming pout settled on the speaker's lips as she pettishly tossed her books upon the turf.

"She is the most hateful teacher we ever had," said Laura Morton; "she does n't explain half as much as Miss Hovey used to."

"And gives a great deal longer lessons," resumed the first speaker.

"I've a great mind not to open one of my books this evening," exclaimed Clara Sabine. "I've a music lesson to practice, which is far more agreeable than poring over those horrid French verbs, or puzzling my brain about x, y, z, in the endless algebra problems with which she has favored us."

"Well," said "Laughing Eyes," as her companions called merry little Louie Weston, "I suppose I must make a commencement on my composition to-night. Let's see what the subjects are," taking a paper from her portfolio. "'Eastern and Western Scenery Compared.' Never having been very far in that direction can't express much of an opinion, and I don't approve of 'hearsay evidence.' 'The Discontented Pearl.' Must be the one in my ring. Any how, the owner is n't very well 'contented' with it, seeing she wanted a diamond instead. 'My First Attempt at Cooking.' O yes, I recollect it very well; I tried to make cake, and forgot to put the soda in; burned my fingers, too, taking it from the oven. Do n't care to relate that to a crowd. 'Description of a Schoolmate'—Addie Severance by name; think I could write on that subject very well."

"Do n't put me into a composition if you please," retorted the young miss. "You'd better employ your talent on a description of our worthy preceptress."

"Our worthy preceptress would feel compli-

mented if she could only see the sarcastic expression of your countenance just now," laughed Louie.

Ah, she had no need to see it; she could easily imagine what sort of expression would be likely to accompany the unkind remarks of the thoughtless girls, which distinctly reached her ears through the open window, as she bent over a pile of French exercises, full of errors, which a little care might have rendered less, and thus saved the weary teacher the necessity of remaining till sunset to correct them. "It's real mean." Was this to be the reward for days of anxiety and sleepless nights, spent in plans for their future welfare and improvement? Was it for this she had left her pleasant home and kind friends—to teach among strangers, unappreciated and disliked? She bowed her throbbing head upon her hands, and tears were fast welling up to her eyes. A light step at her side caused her to turn.

"I've been waiting to bid you good-night, Miss Terry," said a sweet voice, and lips were offered for a kiss. "I love you dearly," said the impulsive little girl. "I hope you will stay with us a long, long time."

"Thank you, darling. I wish all my scholars loved me so."

"O, they will by and by; they can't help loving you, Miss Terry, you are so kind."

How quickly the cloud was lifted from the young teacher's heart! "They will love you by and by." "Yes," she thought, "they shall love me. I will not be discouraged yet. I will persevere till I have succeeded in winning their affections, and caused them to exclaim, 'You are so kind,' instead of 'It's real mean.'"

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

THE ground-work of our manly character is veracity, or the habit of truthfulness. That virtue lies at the foundation of every word said. How common it is to hear parents say, "I have faith in my child so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is lawful and just ground to build upon. So long as the truth remains in the child there is something to depend upon; but when the truth is gone all is lost, unless the child is speedily won back to veracity. Children, did you ever tell a lie? If so, you are in imminent danger. Return at once, little reader, and enter the stronghold of truth, and from it may you never depart again!

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

EARLY RISING VS. EARLY RETIRING.—Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people as evidence of its good effect on the general system. Can any one of our readers on the spur of the moment give a good conclusive reason why health should be attributed to the habit? We know that old people get up early, but it is simply because they can't sleep. Moderate old age does not require much sleep; hence, in the aged, early rising is a necessity, or convenience, and it is not a cause of health in itself. There is a larger class of early risers, very early risers, who may be truly said not to have a day's health in a year—to thirsty folks, for example, who drink liquor till midnight and rise early to get more! One of our earliest recollections is that of "soakers" making their "devotional way" to the grog-shop or tavern bar-room, before sunrise, for their morning grog. Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants: to retire early, and on rising to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, and at the end of that time became an invalid, has traveled the world over for health and has never regained it. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favor that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to "have his sleep out;" otherwise, the duties of the day can not be properly performed, and will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it, there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children, of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves; let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is, do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious or even for the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up; let them

remain without going to sleep again till the sense of weariness passes from their limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and a vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leap at once from his resting-place. By all which we mean to say that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable than that the brain and with it the whole nervous system is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the wellbeing of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interfere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has taken the first step toward degradation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young, should be in bed, and the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-rested body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising in itself; but there are all of them in the persistent practice of retiring at an early hour, Winter and Summer.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE BEST OF ALL SCHOOLS.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection, its classic lore may molder in the halls of memory, but the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after years. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of his childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have, perchance, seen an old and obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you have seen it fade while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no faint illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by the after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward pic-

ture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution of Providence for the education of man.—*Goodrich.*

A GOOD MOTHER.—She is a good mother who brings up her children to work—to work in the kitchen, if you please. We shall never have good puddings and pies, chowders and fricassees, while the ladies are taught that it is a disgrace to learn to cook. The time may not come when the daughters of wealth shall be obliged to take their stand in the kitchen—but should they not know how to bake and wash? What is a young woman fit for whose mother allows her to lie in bed till ten o'clock; and who, when she rises, sings a song or two, and sits down to the last new novel? She may answer for the wife of a wealthy fop; and a miserable life—miserable indeed—will she live. Far better for her, no matter what her condition in after life may be—whether she marries a fortune in gold, or a fortune of real worth—if she is brought up to work. Her life in comparison to one brought up in idleness and folly, would be a season of real enjoyment, and the influence she exerted would be glorious indeed. What mother will be so unwise as to teach her daughters that to work is degrading, while lying in bed, dressing in fashion, and reading mere trash, is elevating and dignifying?

THE BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty, or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks in one of his novels, of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking or the reverse as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion are eternally at work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of the white and pink maids. There is a slow-growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and there is also the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met; and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with the grandchildren around its knees, than in the ball-room or promenade. Husband and wife, who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy and sorrow, and aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences, are each other's second self. He has gained a feminine something, which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something, which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO A WIFE.—Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, was married to Miss Catherine Stewart, a young Scotch lady. After her death he thus depicted her character in a letter to a friend: "I was guided in my choice only by the blind affections of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by tender management of my weakness, gradually cor-

rected the most pertinacious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness or improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest she never for a moment forgot my feelings or character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause—would to God I could recall those moments!—she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm, nay, impetuous; but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost, when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years' struggle and distress had bound us fast together and molded our tempers to each other; when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, and before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I lost her, alas! the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes, at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days."

FEMALE PURITY.—They know little of human nature who know not that more of moral education may be conveyed in a glance of a mother's eye, than in a whole course of reading and writing, under educational sergeants in primary schools and gymnasia. Of all the virtues, that which the domestic family education of both the sexes most obviously influences—that which marks more clearly than any other the moral condition of a society, the home-state of moral and religious principles, the efficiency of those principles in it, and the amount of that moral restraint upon passions and impulses, which it is the object of education and knowledge to attain—is undoubtedly female purity.—*Christian Treasury.*

MODESTY.—True modesty is true humility put into practice. It is not the virtue of persons who are unreflecting, and are easily driven hither and thither by the untutored instincts and hasty impulses of their nature. On the contrary, the person of solid merits and ripe thought is more likely to be modest and retiring than the man of trifling pursuits, of imperfect education, and unmistakable mediocrity. This does not happen because the great man is ignorant of his great powers, or the good man of his good qualities.

TO THE HUSBAND.—The frail being by thy side is of finer mold; keener her sense of pain, of wrong, greater her love of tenderness. How delicately turned her heart; each ruder breath upon its strings complains in lowest notes of sadness, not heard, but felt. It wears away her life like a deep under-current, while the fair mirror of the changing surface gives not one sigh of woe.

"Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply,
The cold demeanor and reproving eye.
The death-steel pierces not with keener dart
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart."

WITTY AND WISE.

BLASPHEMY REBUKED.—When Napoleon was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes;" to which he indignantly replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian lady, hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning point of Napoleon's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature thus with impunity to usurp his prerogative." It happened just as the lady had predicted—Napoleon's invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.

A SLEEPING CHRISTIAN.—"The devil," says Luther, "held a great anniversary, at which his emissaries were convened to report the results of their several missions."

"I let loose the wild beasts of the desert," said one, "on a caravan of Christians, and their bones are now bleaching on the sand."

"What of that?" said the devil, "their souls are all saved."

"For ten years I tried to get a single Christian asleep," said a third, "and I succeeded and left him so."

"Then the devil shouted," continues Luther, "and the night stars of hell sang for joy."

A FAITHFUL GRANDSON.—A grandson of General Cass, about thirteen years of age, a very reserved and thoughtful boy, who was accustomed to read the Bible to his grandfather, came into his room one day, and after sitting in a meditative mood for some time, looked up earnestly and said, "Grandpa, do you love Jesus?" With some emotion the General replied, "I hope I do, my child, but not as much as I ought." "Well," said the boy, "I will pray for you;" and he arose and left the room. After a short absence he returned and said, with increased earnestness, "Grandpa, I want you to say that you do love Jesus, and not that you hope." The General was quite overcome by the appeal, and related the incident to his daughter with much emotion.

TAKING HER AT HER WORD.—The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approbation of the lady's mother. Accordingly the Doctor waited upon the matron, and stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment, "Deed, Doctor, you're far ower good for our Janet. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye." "Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair about it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after Dr. Wightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

GOD AND MAMMON.—Mammon's throne was illy served when in Archbishop Whately's presence. He weakened its influence and grasp around rather by the scorch of his caustic wit than by any violent muscular effort to subvert the one or unlock the other. "Many

a man," he said, "who may admit it to be impossible to serve God and mammon at one and the same time yet wishes to serve mammon and God; first the one as long as he is able, and then the other."

GOOD FOR EVIL.—Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you some time or other." Euclid replied, "And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

I WAS MISTAKEN.—A lively writer has said, "'I was mistaken' are the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language." Yet it seems but acknowledging that we are wiser than we were before to see our error, and humbler than we were before to own it. But so it is; and Goldsmith observes, that Frederick the Great did himself more honor by his letter to his senate, stating that he had just lost a great battle by his own fault, than by all the victories he had won. Perhaps our greatest perfection here is, not to escape imperfections, but to see and acknowledge, and lament and correct them.—*Jay*.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.—The best case which I have seen of Law versus Justice and Common-Sense, is one which Montaigne relates as having happened in his own days. Some men were condemned to death for murder: the judges were then informed by the officers of an inferior court, that certain persons in their custody had confessed themselves guilty of the murder in question, and had told so circumstantial a tale that the fact was placed beyond all doubt. Nevertheless, it was deemed so *bad a precedent*, to revoke a sentence and show that the Law could err, that the innocent men were delivered over to execution.

THE WAY A WIFE PUTS IT.—"You may be as affectionate as you please, dear," said a wife to her husband who was fond of her and wine too, "and you may smell of wine if you will; but please not to smell of wine and be affectionate at the same moment. I value your affection too highly to let you disgust me with it."

COULD NOT TAKE IT.—A clergyman was endeavoring to instruct one of his Sunday school scholars, a plow-boy, on the nature of a miracle. Thinking he had made it plain, "Now, boy, suppose you should see the sun rise in the middle of the night, what would you call it?" "The moon, sir." "No; but suppose that you knew it was not the moon, but the sun, and that you saw it actually rise in the middle of the night, what should you think?" "I should think it was time to get up, sir."

JUVENILE PRECOCITY.—A little girl of this city, who is acknowledged by all to be pretty smart, was holding a very animated conversation with one of about her own years, a few days since. A portion of it was overheard, and it appeared to be a dispute as to what their "mothers could do." After naming over various meritorious acts of which their maternals were capable, the one in question put an end to the dispute by exclaiming, "Well, there's one thing my mother can do that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

Scripture Satire.

THE DIVINITY AND HUMANITY OF CHRIST.—The divine and human natures of Christ were manifested in all his words and works. As man he communed in familiar intercourse with his disciples, calling them friends, and even stooping to serve them; as God he taught those sublime truths which omniscience alone could know, with authority which omnipotence only could warrant. As man his heart moved with compassion toward the distressed and suffering; as God he miraculously supplied their wants, and healed their diseases. As man, wearied with the toils of the day, he lay asleep in the storm-tossed vessel which bore him and his disciples across the lake; as God, when the cry of distress was heard, he rose "and rebuked the winds and the sea, and they obeyed him."

First among all instances stands his conduct at Bethany. Near the close of the fourth day, since the death of a beloved brother, the anxious waiting of the bereaved sisters is interrupted by the words, "The Master is come." Hear the sorrowful, half-reproachful words as they meet him, "If thou hadst been here my brother had not died." They see in the travel-stained personage before them simply the friend whom they love most dearly—whose advice and assistance, timely present, might have saved their brother's life. Deeming it now too late, their minds, filled with despairing grief, fail to comprehend the import of his mysterious words, "I am the resurrection and the life: whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Looking around upon the sorrowing multitude, the man—Christ Jesus—weeps. But see him a moment afterward approaching the tomb where the already-decomposing body lies. All the man sinks from sight; the divinity rises in native majesty, and the voice that spoke the universe from naught cries, "Lazarus, come forth!" W. H. D.

THE ETERNAL DAY.—Mattison, on the "Immortality of the Soul," beautifully expresses that the death of a good man is but the dawning of an eternal day. Not till then does he enter upon real life—a life unclogged by corruption. Then is he "clothed upon," and ascends to be with Christ, which is far better. Then, farewell earth—farewell toil, and pain, and death. He goes to join the immortal company who sing and shine in the presence of God forever.

"And though the bill of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way;
Upward! forever upward!
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time."

No doubt, no darkness, no tears! The two-leaved gates of eternity are gently opening before him, and the light of that brighter world is pouring forth upon the scene of his departure.

See the dying Mozart, as he stands upon the higher

shore of the river of death, looks back upon the toils of the past, and forward to the joys of the immortal future. How appropriate his "cygnean song," the last he heard on earth:

"Spirit, thy labor is o'er;
Thy term of probation is run;
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit, how bright is the home
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud halleluiahs to sing."

In that "better country" there will be no more hunger, or thirst, no cold or heat, no weariness or sickness, no pain, decay, or death, forever! There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall lead us to the fountain of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

Reader, does your bosom glow with this glorious hope of joys immortal beyond the grave? If so, of what account are our earthly trials, disappointments, and sufferings? Are they ready to be compared with the glory to be revealed? Should we not rather bless God for every pang we feel, knowing that our light affliction—which is but for a moment—worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory?

"Thou, O my soul, despond no more,
The storm of life will soon be o'er,
And I shall find the peaceful shore
Of everlasting rest."

O happy day! O joyful hour!
When freed from death my soul shall tower
Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
To be forever blest."

Such is the prospect that opens before the Christian as he passes the gates of death. No wonder he shouts "Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

Then welcome, death! Welcome, the tomb and the bright world beyond! Welcome, ye angels immortal! Welcome, ye blissful hosts, once of earth, and heirs of sorrow, pain, and death, but now forever free! Welcome, my long-lost kindred who await my coming! Welcome, thou gates of day, thou city of my God! Welcome, thrice welcome, thou glorious Redeemer, thou Infinite Godhead! All hail, immortality! All hail, eternal life!

CHRISTIAN SECURITY.—"I have seen," says Jeremy Taylor, "young and unskillful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the side of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge seemed a danger, and made them cling fast unto their fellows; and yet all the while they are as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle breeze shook the leaves into a refreshing and cooling shade. And the unskillful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a

danger that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock, and yet all is in himself, none at all from without; for he is indeed moving upon the water, but fastened to a rock. Faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbor, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country; and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges, of fears and sad apprehensions, are but like the loud winds blowing from the right point—they make a noise, but drive faster to the harbor. And if we do not leave the ship and jump into the sea, quit the interest of religion and run to the securities of the world, cut our cables and dissolve our hopes, grow impatient, hug a wave and die in its embraces, we are safe at sea, safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm when we are befriended by the world."

THE WINTER OF THE HEART.—A beautiful writer counsels wisely when he says: "Live so that good angels may protect from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the fountains of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burden settle over its wintered hopes, like the snow on faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through its desolated chambers. Your life-path may lead through trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Penury may take the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious room may be changed for a humble one; the soft couch for a straw pallet; the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor. Summer friends may

forsake you, and the unpitied world pass you with scarcely a look or word of compassion. You may be forced to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice that would extort the last farthing, till you well-nigh turn in disgust from your fellow-beings. Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble, manly brow, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you while your spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb can not wholly subdue.

"But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every anticipation of "better days" in the unknown future. Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship was only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides away from your grasp. Do not think that you are fated to be miserable, because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God has forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes are dim, and your limbs weary, when your steps falter on the verge of death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart."

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

ANOTHER GREAT BRIDGE.—The great railroad bridge over the Susquehanna at Havre de Grace, Md., on the line of the Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington Railroad, was completed and opened for the passage of trains early in the present year.

For five years from five hundred to one thousand men have been employed upon this great work. Upon its construction nearly five million feet of timber, sixty thousand cubic feet of masonry, three million pounds of wrought and cast iron have been used.

The structure between the shores of the river is about 3,500 feet in length. It has thirteen supporting piers and two guard piers at the draw, and two abutments. Piers are built in water varying from 10 to 45 feet in depth. Spans are 250 feet in length between bracings. The draw span is 176 feet long. Height of superstructure 25 feet.

The superstructure is an improved form of the Howe truss. When completed each truss is to be incased entirely in iron, thus making it fire-proof and free from exposure to the weather. The peculiarity of the hydraulic engineering connected with this work is the disuse of the coffer dam.

Instead thereof water-tight wrought-iron caissons have been used in a manner new and different to any thing ever employed in this or any other country.

The whole cost of the magnificent structure has been something less than \$2,000,000, and is one of the most splendid bridge structures in the world.

FORMER CIVILIZATION AT THE WEST.—There are many memorials in the Western States of a civilization that has perished; of nations advanced in the mechanic arts who have left no record in written history. An exchange refers to some of these relics:

A most interesting feature of these regions is the ancient Indian diggings. Openings have been found in the earth accompanied by other indications, which show conclusively that copper mining was carried on here long before the country came into possession of the present occupants. These excavations have, to a great extent, become filled up, and huge trees have since grown over them, a fact which sufficiently attests their great antiquity. In some instances immense masses of copper have been found cut out and bearing the deep imprint of rough implements used upon them. But their great weight, and the lack of mechanical skill necessary to manage them, seem to have necessitated their abandonment. The stone utensils, earthen vessels, and other scanty remains still found scattered about, afford but meager data for judging of the race, character, and habits of these ancient miners. Certain

it is, however, that they belonged to a race distinct from the savages, our immediate predecessors. There is nothing in the mode of life, customs, or habits of the latter, which at all indicate that they ever possessed the tastes and degree of civilization manifested by the former. Most probably they were a branch of that wide-spread people who once inhabited Mexico, the ruins of whose temples and cities are still objects of wonder. Their history, however, will doubtless forever remain unknown; and these dumb, uninscribed monuments of bronze constitute the only memorials of their existence.

CONCENTRATED POWER.—When the Atlantic cable was first laid, it was supposed that it would require a galvanic battery of unusual power to send a message so long a distance. At first the electricians used a battery of 50 cells, and afterward of 500 cells. This great power, however, only injured the wire; and now they are working the cable with a battery of only 20 cells. The engineer of the company recently performed a most astonishing feat. Joining the extremities of the two cables, thus forming an immense loop of 3,700 miles, he put some acid in a lady's silver thimble, with some bits of zinc and copper; by this simple agency he succeeded in passing signals through the whole length in little more than a second of time. It is stated that the new cable has steadily improved since it was laid down; and the old is better than the new, the gutta percha and the insulation seeming to improve by submersion; and that it is far easier to telegraph from Newfoundland to Valentia in Ireland, than from Valentia to London; showing that the ocean telegraph, however long, affords the surest means of communication, and that the longer the wire, the quicker and safer is the delivery of the message.

EUROPE IN 1817 AND 1867.—Messrs. Macmillan & Co., the London publishers, in announcing the "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1867, make an interesting tabular comparison between the state of Europe in 1817 and 1867. The half century has extinguished three kingdoms, one grand duchy, eight duchies, four principalities, one electorate, and four republics. Three new kingdoms have arisen, and one kingdom has been transformed into an empire. There are now forty-one states in Europe, against fifty-nine which existed in 1817. It may be remarked that the nineteen grand dukes, and dukes, and princes of 1867 will be much less ducal and princely—thanks to one Bismark—than the thirty-two who ruled in 1817. Not less remarkable is the territorial extension of the superior states of the world. Russia has annexed 567,361 square miles; the United States, 1,986,009; France, 4,620; Prussia, 29,781. Sardinia, expanding into Italy, has increased by 83,041. The Indian Empire has been augmented by 431,616. The principal states that have lost territory are Turkey, Mexico, Austria, Denmark, the Netherlands.

THE WONDERS OF SEED.—Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is inclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that

are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnæus, who has been called "the father of botany," reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described about 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

Well, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right kind of seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or the seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore-tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech-tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of the sycamore in its beak to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell unnoticed, and sixty years after it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade.

THE NATION'S CURSE.—The revenue commissioners estimate that there are annually consumed in this country 42,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits, 186,000,000 gallons of fermented liquors, and 10,000,000 gallons of imported liquors, the estimated cost of which is \$500,000,000, on which the Government derives an income of \$47,727,276. This of course does not include the liquor smuggled into the country, nor the immense amount secretly and illicitly manufactured, which would vastly increase this estimate; nor does it include the enormous loss annually sustained by labor and capital, the direct result of drinking habits, nor the suffering and vice directly caused by strong drink.

THE MINERALS IN OUR BODIES.—In the body of a man weighing 154 pounds, there are about 7½ pounds of mineral matter; consisting of phosphate of lime, 5 pounds 13 ounces; carbonate of lime, 1 pound; salt, 3 ounces 3.76 grains; peroxide of iron, 150 grains; silica, 3 grains—making 7 pounds, 5 ounces, and 47 grains—with minute quantities of potash, chlorine, and several other substances. The rest of the system is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon; 111 pounds of the oxygen and hydrogen being combined in the form of water.

Though the quantity of some of these substances is very small, it is found absolutely essential to health that this small quantity should be supplied; hence the importance of a variety of food. If we furnish Nature with all the material required, she will select such as the system needs, and always just in the proper quantities.

UNLUCKY WEDDING DAYS.—Every nation is more or less troubled with superstitious fears respecting marriage and death. Days and months are singled out as unlucky for marriage, and are avoided as steadily as if a dread something stood between them and the future. It is the same in regard to death on certain days, and the after happiness or misery of the deceased is made to depend greatly on the season and the day in which they shake off the mortal coil. The nations of

Northern Europe seem to cling to these superstitions longer than any others, and the Scotch probably longest of all. With them, even to this day, Saturday is an "unlucky" day for marriages, and none are performed on that day, and very few on Sunday. The last day of December, when it does not fall on Saturday or Sunday, is the great wedding day of the Scots. The average for several years on that day was 1,055, while for any month of the year besides the daily marriages would not average 75. When the 31st of December falls on Saturday, however, superstition rules the day, and the marriage record is nearly a blank; but the day previous is usually taken in its stead. Something similar, but not to such an extent, prevails in Sweden and Norway.

AGED DIVINES.—The age of some of the principal living theologians are: Dr. Pusey, 66; Dean Alford, 56; Birks, 56; Cairns, 62; Archdeacon Churton, 66; Archdeacon Denison, 61; the Archbishop of Dublin, 59; the Bishop of Ely, 55; Archdeacon Evans, 75; Archdeacon Garbett, 56; the Bishop of Gloucester, 47; Professor Jowett, 47; the Bishop of Llandaff, 68; the Bishop of London, 55; F. D. Maurice, 61; T. Mozley and J. Mozley, 60 and 53; Dean Stanley, 51; Dr. Temple, 45; Dr. Williams, 49; the Archbishop of York, 47.

POISONOUS GASES FROM OIL LAMPS.—Many persons who use kerosene or oil lamps are in the habit, when going to bed or leaving the room for a time, of turning the wick down low in order to save a little in the consumption of oil. The consequence is that the air

of the room soon becomes vitiated by the unconsumed oil vapors, by the gas produced by combustion, and also by the minute particles of smoke and soot which are thrown off. Air thus poisoned is deadly in its effects, and the wonder is that more persons are not immediately seized with inflammation of the throat and lungs, headache, dizziness, and fatally injured by breathing it. Irritation and nausea are among its effects.

POPOCATAPETL.—The great slumbering volcano, Popocatepetl, has recently been explored by a party which reports the crater accessible. Millions of tons of sulphur are lying in there, and in many cases in a pure state. It can be carried to the summit of the volcano, and from thence to the summit of that externally snow-covered mountain, at an expense of only 50 cents to the 100 pounds. The value of 100 pounds in Mexico is \$10. The crater is big enough to hold several cities, but it is not probable that any will be built there at present.

HERCULANEUM.—A French paper says the excavations at Herculaneum are expected to be much more productive than those at Pompeii, whence a great many persons had time to carry away their chief valuables before the storm of ashes and lava overwhelmed the place. At Herculaneum the case was different. The labor will, it is said, be greater than at Pompeii—a mountain of lava has to be pierced, and a descent made into the city as into a mine. The work will probably be prosecuted at once.

Retrospect of Religious Intelligence.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—Turkey was for a long time the terror of mankind; but its prestige is gone, the Crescent has waned, and Mohammedism subsists in Europe only by the sufferance of the Christian powers, who have been loth to disturb what is called the "balance of power." The insurrection in Crete has attracted unusual attention. Candia, or Crete, is one hundred and sixty miles long, its greatest breadth about forty miles, and, though once populous, it has now only between two and three hundred thousand inhabitants. The Turkish rule has been terribly oppressive, the people are spirited and brave, their religion has intensified the hatred of their tyrants, and frequent insurrections have shown the obstinacy of their hope for liberty. The present rising has now continued some time, and, though the Turkish Government has several times declared it entirely ended, it is evident the Cretans are not yet completely subdued. Many volunteers have gone to the assistance of the Cretans from Greece and Italy; many more will go from other countries. The Greek Government is eager to join in the strife; and the Sultan has resolved to organize an army of 150,000 men, which shows that the Cretan trouble is regarded as dangerous to the empire. The Western powers will probably observe a strict neutrality, but the people of Britain, and of the

United States, feel a lively sympathy with these Greek Christians. The temptation to interfere is very strong, to those who feel a natural sympathy with the oppressed Christians, and also to those who long to possess provinces that seem ready for conquest. The interests of Christianity are concerned, to an incalculable extent, as it respects the spread of the Gospel, in the settlement of this "Eastern question." Its settlement may not immediately take place; it may take place after mighty conflicts and bloody wars; or it may take place by a mutual agreement forced on the parties by the evident necessity of the case, and by a reasonable view of the circumstances; but it is impossible that it can be much longer prevented. The cries and struggles of eleven millions of Christians against the wicked and cruel tyranny of Turkish fanaticism, and against a Government that is too wretchedly helpless to protect them, can not much longer be disregarded.

CHRISTIAN UNION.—One of the cheering signs of the times is the growing intimacy of the various branches of the Christian Church. Already several have coalesced in denominational fellowship; the union of others is in contemplation or in progress, and the different sects have come together more nearly in doc-

trinal points and in kindly feeling. The fierce discussions of old questions, the old creeds all bristling with antagonism, the dogmas of Calvin and Arminius, foreordination and election, have ceased to disturb the peace, and the cardinal doctrines of Christianity are preached alike in all the Churches. Minor differences there are and will be; but for these the charity grows stronger and the animosity less. And in furtherance of Christ's cause, in nearly all of our cities, Christian associations are now formed or forming, union prayer meetings are established, reading and conversation rooms are furnished for young men, lectures and libraries are founded, and the safeguards of Christian intercourse thrown around many who otherwise would, in all probability, drift away from virtue and respectability. We are pleased to note the establishment of a new journal, published in New York, entitled "The Church Union," which advocates the essential alliance of all the Protestant Churches. The only basis of the proposed union is subscription to the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, as set forth in the Apostles' or Nicene Creed; and the ministers who join in this movement advocate the exchange of pulpits, no exclusion of evangelical Christians from the Lord's Supper in any Church, and the general brotherhood of all the Churches. It is not proposed to submerge all denominational distinctions, but to bury all hatred and bitterness, and to provoke one another to love and good works. In this way it is hoped to make visible the unity of the Church, and thus the prayer of our Lord will be answered, "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us!"

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN ITALY.—The Italian Prime Minister, Ricasoli, has recently written a manifesto on the question of separation between Church and State. He states that his Government is determined to introduce full liberty of religion as it exists in the United States. The occasion of his letter was an appeal from some Catholic Bishops whom the Italian Government had banished for their plotting against the union of the Italian States. United Italy having become an established fact, they petitioned for permission to return to their dioceses—a permission which the Government had granted to them even before their letter was received at Florence. That the question of religious liberty is discussed and its defense boldly undertaken by the Prime Minister of one of the largest countries of Europe, who is throughout Europe esteemed one of the ablest and noblest statesmen of the Old World, is itself an event of no common importance. The example thus set by Italy will not fail to influence other countries in Europe. Even Protestant Governments will do well to emancipate their subjects from compulsory support of a State Church. All hail, Italy!

INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.—The Spanish Government gives further evidence of its weakness and wickedness by a new exhibition of the spirit of intolerance. A royal decree has been issued forbidding the proprietors of hotels, club and reading rooms, and so on, to receive or circulate any foreign journal that contains, or may have at any time contained articles against the Catholic religion or the fundamental institutions of the

country. The Government organ, to make sure that this edict shall not be misunderstood, says that "it is enough that a journal has once had in its columns a single article offensive to the Church or to the queen, to justify its suppression." Such religious bigotry and political tyranny would better become some of the ages of the past than the enlightened period of the nineteenth century.

INFIDELS IN COUNCIL.—On every Sabbath afternoon, says the New York Examiner, in a hall on Broadway, there is a gathering of infidels. The meeting is published in secular journals, and exciting topics suggested for discussion. Men and women talk and debate promiscuously. The themes of the Bible, the Church, and our blessed Savior, are treated in a blasphemous manner. But it is surprising that so few are drawn into such a meeting, when New York is full of impiety and crime. The audience rarely numbers fifty. Scarcely a young person is found in it, and not one decent-looking young man or young woman. Long-bearded, uncombed men, unwashed and untidy, and dilapidated-looking women, make up the audience. Every city must have its cesspools, and New York can form no exception. The contrast between this outlandish-looking assembly, who evidently have no time to wash and be tidy, and an assembly of Christians gathered for worship, is eminently suggestive, as well for sanitary as religious consideration.

THE RITUALISTIC CONTROVERSY.—The Romanizing tendency of the English Church was never so strong as it is at this day. Ritualism has always been a prominent feature of its public worship. The minds of men will be occupied with something, and if they do not have that which feeds the *inner* life, they must have that which amuses and entertains the *exterior* man—the senses. Hence, logically, we must have the spiritual life in religion, or we will have candles, incense-swinging, bells, and ecclesiastical dry goods. There is no help for it; to one or other we are infallibly driven by the logic of events. As a general protest against these "abominations," as Bishop McIlvaine does not hesitate to call them, a movement even more destructive of all spiritual life was initiated by the rationalists, or the Oxford tractarians. This is the setting up of reason as superior to faith, of human authority and interpretation to Divine sanctions and inspiration. But the Oxford heresiarchs have been thoroughly answered. At heart the Church is evangelical; but its orthodoxy does not save it from dead and unspiritual ceremonies. Heart religion is lacking; the letter, indeed, killeth; even its bishops, and deans, and canons join in sympathy with the ritualists. The same dreadful deadness and apathy prevails which cursed the Church in the days of the Wesleys; and when its ultra-conservatism rejected the spiritual regeneration preached by the "Holy Club" at Oxford, it rejected its only real life. That was for it the day and hour of grace; but the reformers were cast out and compelled to establish independent societies—which at first they had no intention or desire to do—and the leaven which might have raised the whole lump was lost to the Establishment. Since then its course has been steadily downward; one wing inclining to rationalism and infidelity, the other to Popery. Of

course there are still very many devout and evangelical men in the Episcopal Church who are struggling to resist the tendencies about them, but they seem powerless to stem the current.

METHODIST FREEDMEN'S AID SOCIETY.—This Association is zealously engaging in the noble work of educating the freedmen. The condition of the four millions of emancipated slaves has awakened a deep interest in the minds of Christian philanthropists, and the friends of Christ are directing their energies to the culture of this inviting field. This Society has already thirty-five teachers employed, and the number is being increased as rapidly as practicable. It commenced its labors in the Mississippi Valley, and has already established schools in Nashville, Memphis, Murfreesboro, Lebanon, Alexandria, and Spring Hill, Tenn.; Huntsville, Ala.; Griffin, La Grange, Oxford, and Newnan, Ga.; New Orleans and Baton Rouge, La.; Vicksburg, Miss. It is now directing its attention to the Atlantic slope, and purposes to establish schools wherever our missionary work may require. It has opened schools in Winchester, Va., New Smyrna, Fla.; and it will occupy other places on the Atlantic coast as its funds may allow and our missionary work demand. Our missionaries in the South regard this auxiliary with especial favor, finding it essential to their highest success to supplement their work with that of the Christian teacher. The church edifice and

the school-house must stand side by side in the great work of Christian civilization among the freedmen.

DECADENCE OF QUAKERISM.—Statistics show that the sect of Quakers is somewhat rapidly dying out in England. They have largely given up their ideas of theology. The record of the English Quakers in respect to benevolence and humanity is certainly a good one. In the gift of money for the education of our freedmen, they stand in advance of all other denominations in England.

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—The Old School Presbyterians are about to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Presbyterianism into the country west of the Alleghany Mountains, which occurred in the year 1766. The synods of Alleghany, Ohio, Pittsburg, and Wheeling, have arranged for local Presbyterian commemorative meetings, and also for a general Centenary celebration, the latter to take place at a time not yet designated.

CATHOLIC PROPAGANDISM.—Late news from the island of Tahiti shows the Protestant Churches there to be in a somewhat sad and oppressed condition. The Catholics are making inroads upon them—establishing schools and churches, and artfully using influence to draw away the people from their places of Protestant worship.

Philippine Phillips.

NEW HYMN AND TUNE BOOK: *An Offering of Praise for the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Edited by Philip Phillips, Author of the "Singing Pilgrim," "Musical Leaves," etc. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati and Chicago: Poe & Hitchcock.—We can hardly help recognizing in Philip Phillips a mission in the department of Church music. In spite of the so-called advancement of the musical art, and the wide-spread effort to introduce among our people what is called a "higher order" of music and more scientific execution, wherever the simple, spiritual, earnest singing of Philip Phillips is heard, the hearts of the people are taken by storm, and he is at once accepted as "our sweet singer." He has demonstrated by his own course that the true music for religious worship, whatever may be the case in operatic, concert, and theatrical performances, is not the exalted, intricate, and scientific measures which the masses can neither execute nor appreciate, but the simple, spiritual melodies that find their way to the heart.

Singing in the Church of God is an act of worship; it is one of the greatest means of ascribing adoration and praise to Almighty God; it is one of the most important means of grace; it belongs essentially to the people; and we have always felt that an irreparable injury was done to Christian worship when by any means, either by the introduction of an order of music beyond the capabilities of the people, or by the monopoly of this department of worship by a quartette or

choir, the singing was taken away from the great congregation. "O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise unto the God of our salvation," "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord;" "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee!" Such seems to be the conception of "the sweet singer of Israel" of the use of music as a department of worship. Congregational singing is the true and original method of ascribing praise to God. It has had its abuses—it may have had its absurdities—but it has always had power as an adjunct in the worship of God, and, even with some abuses, is vastly better calculated to lift up worshiping souls to God, and attract sinners to Christ, than the formal and lifeless singing of a few monopolists. We do not mean an unqualified condemnation of choirs, but do utterly condemn them as an injury to the Christian Church, when they so separate themselves from the worshipers, and so conduct the singing, that the whole congregation can not join in heartily with them. When they become truly and intentionally *leaders* of the congregation, whether with or without an instrument to assist them, we welcome them as a blessing and a power in the Church.

These seem to be the views and the aims of the author and publishers of this "New Hymn and Tune Book." It is intended to aid choirs and congregations in recovering something of the grand old Methodist congregational singing. It is an attempt to produce

uniformity in the singing in all our Churches, so that our music and our hymns may become universal, "and be stereotyped on the hearts of our people." Whether this may be the best possible book for leading to these results we are not competent of judging, but we heartily commend the effort, and have great confidence in the ability of those who have undertaken the work, to produce a book well adapted to the objects at which they aim. "In the preparation of the work," the publishers say it has been their "desire to present to the public a book which should contain the greatest quantity and the best standard Church music now in use. It contains over two hundred more tunes than the 'Methodist Hymn and Tune Book' of 1857. Mr. Phillips has selected from all sources, both old and new, whatever he deemed best adapted to this purpose." We trust the book will be found well adapted to its object, and will be welcomed by all our choirs and congregations.

SIX YEARS IN INDIA; or, Sketches of India and its People as seen by a Lady Missionary. Given in a series of letters to her mother. By Mrs. E. J. Humphrey. Eight Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 286. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Mrs. Humphrey was for six years connected with our mission in India, and her series of letters extends over the interesting period of the first years of our missionary work in that great country, beginning only about a year after the commencement of the mission in 1856 by Dr. Butler, and continuing to the close of the year 1863. She opens her book with an "Introduction," giving a short but interesting account of Hindoostan, our mission territory, and our missionary statistics. Then come the familiar, easy, interesting letters addressed to her mother during her six years' residence. Their style is very readable and pleasing, and from their free-and-easy method of address we get a better idea of missionary life and labor than we would, perhaps from more formal and labored efforts. It will be a welcome book to the lovers of our foreign missionary work, and ought to be introduced into all our Sunday schools.

THE CHILDREN OF LAKE HURON; or, The Cousins at Cloverley. By the Author of "Enoch Roden's Training." Five Illustrations. 16mo. Pp. 273. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—A good and interesting story, from an English edition, connected with our late war. It is got up in good style both for the children at home and for the Sunday school.

TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR; Life and Discoveries of Charles Goodyear. By Rev. Bradford K. Peirce. 16mo. Pp. 224. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Mr. Goodyear is the inventor of the methods for converting the soft and glutinous substance called gum elastic into the hard, elastic India-rubber, now so extensively available for the manufacture of a vast number of useful and ornamental articles. The story of his life reads like a romance. No man has made a greater contribution than he to the wealth and welfare of his country, and to the commerce, industry, and material civilization of the world, and the singular story of his life, so little known, yet

more suffering and sublime than even that of "Palissy the Potter," should be read by every one. Here it is done in good style.

ARTHUR FOREST; or, The School-Boy Hero. By Robert Hope Moncrief. Two Illustrations. 18mo. Pp. 114. **BESSIE FIELD; A Story of Humble Life.** By Charlotte O'Brien. Three Illustrations. 18mo. Pp. 150. **STORIES OF THE WOODS.** By Una Locke and Frances Lee. 18mo. Pp. 194. **BRIGHT NOOK; or, Aunt Maggie's Corner.** By Glance Gaylord. 18mo. Pp. 138. **NELLIE NEWTON; or, Patience and Perseverance.** Three Illustrations. 18mo. Pp. 134.—Here we have a series of neat little books for the home and the Sunday school, issued by Carlton & Porter under the supervision of Dr. Wise and Rev. J. H. Vincent.

THE SATISFACTORY PORTION. By Rev. A. C. George, Author of "Counsels to Converts." 16mo. Pp. 107. **WALKING IN THE LIGHT.** By Daniel Dana Buck, D. D. 16mo. Pp. 104. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—Here are two excellent books for every thoughtful and earnest Christian. The one presents to us the only real satisfying portion for the longing soul, and assures us it is only to be found in the religion of Christ. The other proposes to lead us into the light and enjoyment of that blessed portion, and to show us how we may walk in it, live in it, and rejoice in it all the days of our life. They are both eloquent and fervent in style, and will amply repay perusal.

THE BODY-POLITIC. By William H. Barnes. 12mo. Pp. 309. \$1.75. Cincinnati: Moore, Wiltach & Baldwin.—In a most pleasing style Mr. Barnes conveys to his readers a large amount of valuable, and often profound truth, relating to the nature of our Government, the great principles which underlie our national system, the sources of our strength, and the elements of weakness and danger. The method of treatment is peculiar and interesting—well adapted to the popular mind, abounding in figures, illustrations, and examples, always intelligible, often humorous, and sometimes incisive. We are sure that every man who will read his book will be a wiser man, a better citizen, and a more intelligent patriot; and if "those who are in authority" would govern our nation according to the principles and methods laid down in this book, we would be a happier, purer, and better-governed people than we are now or ever have been.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF THE FAIRE GOSPELLER, MISTRESS ANNE ASKEW. Recounted by an unworthy Pen of Nicholas Moldwarp, B. A., and now first set forth by the Author of "Mary Powell." 16mo. Pp. 237. New York: M. W. Dodd. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—A beautiful and touching story of the faith, trials, and martyrdom of a fair young Christian in the early days of the English Reformation. The story is conceived, written, and printed in the quaint style of three hundred years ago; and while reading it we feel as if we were actually present with the old customs, modes of thought, and stirring times, and were conversing in the old Anglo-Saxon tongue. The author of "Mary Powell" has a remarkable mastery of this old style, and has the power of uniting in close and truthful sympathy with those times long since passed away.

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Kissing the Rod, by Edmund Yates; *Sir Brook Fossebrooke,* by Charles Lever; *Cradock Novell,* by Richard Doddridge Blackmore; and *Bernthal,* from the German of L. Mühlback—being Nos. 277, 281, 283, and 284 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Editor's Study.

STUDIES ON THE FUTURE LIFE.

THIRD PAPER.

I. PRE-CHRISTIAN REVELATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.

The doctrine of immortality, though perhaps not clearly and directly revealed in the earlier portions of the Old Testament, seems to be always assumed as a known fact, though possibly not recognized with the clearness and believed with the certainty of the Christian age. Indeed, the great truths of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, which we are inclined to claim as intuitions of the human spirit, needing no revelation as matters of fact, but only enlargement of conception and accuracy and fullness of definition, are truths assumed as lying constantly at the foundation of all revelation. While, therefore, the doctrine of immortality may not be put forth in the early revelations as a prominent truth, the circumstances and the sentiments of a growing revelation, constantly increasing in light, made it increasingly evident to the human mind that the truth of God assumed and encouraged the belief of immortality. The commandments of God, the promises of Messiah, the translation of Enoch, the frequent appearances and revelations from the spirit-world, were all circumstances from which the doctrine was clearly to be inferred. The workings of the mind of Job in this early age is a good exhibition of the hope and yet uncertainty which hung around the doctrine. How touching is the following language of Job! "For there is hope of a

tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep."

It is in this doubting mood that he starts the question, "If a man die shall he live again?" and then, as if an inspiration had reassured him, he exclaims, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of thy hands." Evidently to the mind of Job death was still only a sleep, long and mysterious, beyond which still reached his yearnings after life, and out of which in the distant future his faith expected a glorious awakening. On another occasion he breaks out in that beautiful expression of faith and hope, which even modern rationalistic interpretation can not rob of its sublime significance, "O that my words were now written! O that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and laid in the rock forever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I

see God: whom I shall see for myself; and mine eyes shall behold, and not another."

The minds of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, under the provisions of God's providence for them, and the manifestations of God to them, must have reached a thrilling apprehension of this truth, and the reading of their histories with an immortal destiny left out leaves them contradictory and insignificant. With regard to the wandering, homeless Abraham, the apostle informs us that "he expected a city which had foundations, whose builder and maker is God." In this world he received no such city, and we must, therefore, conclude that his faith fixed upon the city of God, which is the heavenly Jerusalem. Mingling with this hope of a future life was also that of a blessed reunion with the beloved dead, and hence the importance attached by these patriarchs to the burying of their dead, and their beautiful expression of death under the idea of "being gathered to their fathers."

When we reach the Mosaic age we find increasing light, but we still observe that the Christian prominence is by no means given to this doctrine—a fact made clear by the great prominence given to the immediate temporal rewards and punishments attached to the law, a circumstance which has very wrongfully been interpreted as indicating a total ignorance of the future life and its rewards and punishments. We would only see in this circumstance an indication of the state of mind to be provided for in the early religious history of the world, a state of mind which, though by no means in ignorance of a future life, yet much more impressible by the tangible and visible things of time. But it is very clear that the whole Mosaic economy is founded on the idea of a future life, and that its commandments, its purifications, and its final designs have reference to a qualification for that life. But we have the positive testimony of the apostle bearing on this point. In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, where St. Paul refers to the manifestations of faith among the patriarchs and through the Mosaic dispensation, he shows very clearly that the ancient people of God were animated in all their services by the conviction of the realities of a future and invisible world. With respect to Moses himself he says that under all his persecutions and afflictions, "he endured as seeing Him that is invisible; for he had a respect unto the recompense of reward." That recompense could not have been in this world, for he resigned in behalf of it the splendor and security of Pharaoh's court, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." With regard to all the other worthies to whom he refers, he declares that "they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth;" that "they declared plainly that they sought a better country, that is a heavenly;" and that those who endured torture to induce them to renounce their religion, bore their sufferings with invincible fortitude, "not accepting deliverance" when it was offered them, "that they might obtain a better resurrection."

In the age of the psalmists the expectation of a future life was their consolation under their sufferings, and often the inspiration of their songs. Nothing can be more clear and express than such declarations as the following: "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with

thy likeness;" "My flesh shall rest in hope; for thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave. Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore;" "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever;" "God will redeem my soul from the grave; for he will receive me;" "Thou wilt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory;" "My flesh and my heart shall fail; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

When we reach the immediate age of our Savior we find an undoubted recognition of the future life, but by no means the clear light and full assurance which were given afterward to this doctrine by the teachings of Christ and his apostles. We find one whole sect, and by no means an insignificant one, denying entirely the immortality of the soul and the existence of angels and spirits, while even among the Pharisees we find obvious traces of the absurd ideas of preëxistence and transmigration, and among the common people a large amount of skepticism, ignorance, and superstition. While, therefore, it can not be said that the first revelations of immortality were given by the Savior, yet it may be said with the utmost propriety, that even among the Jews, life and immortality were brought to light in the Gospel, by giving to this doctrine clearness, distinctness, and impressive significance.

II. IMMORTALITY AS REVEALED BY CHRIST.

In all our previous studies we have discovered that however universal may be the sentiment of immortality among mankind, yet such were the obscurities enshrouding it, the errors and superstitions associated with it, and the want of authority to give weight, certainty, and significance to the great truth, that it was still needed that "life and immortality should be brought to light in the Gospel" by the great Teacher sent from God. "As immortality is a common prerogative; as it is a doctrine in which men of all ranks and classes are concerned, and elevates the simple plowman or mechanic to share in the glorious destiny of a Newton and a Bacon, a common revelation was necessary; one that would level itself to every mind, and teach every child of Adam that there had been enkindled within him a spark that should burn with quenchless ardor, when the stars of heaven should be blotted out and the sun himself set in everlasting eclipse. And this has the Gospel done. It has come to make up for every defect of human reason, and to add the testimony of Him 'that can not lie' to all those pantings after endless life that make the soul 'shrink back upon itself and startle at destruction.'"

With Christ immortality was not only an assumed truth, but one clearly stated, defended, and illustrated in all the magnitude of its significance and importance, and in all its momentous relations to a grand system of divine truth, and to the interests and duties of men. Life and immortality, an endless existence beyond the grave, lies as the broad foundation of the Christian religion, from which the great Teacher develops his views of life and his lessons of human interest and duty. The bringing into prominent and impressive light the future life, and the revelation of the method

of attaining its blessedness through the remission of sins by the redemption through the Mediator, are the grand characteristics of Christianity. Its power lies in bringing to bear on the heart and understanding the tremendous motives of eternal things.

The Divine Teacher is not a mere man uttering the longings of his own soul, or a philosopher speculating on the destiny of his race. He is a *revealer of truth*; he speaks of these eternal things with the simplicity, repose, and familiarity of one perfectly conversant with the facts he delivers and perfectly convinced of the accuracy of the truths he announces. Immortality is one of those truths of which he "speaks what he knew, and delivers what he had seen." He does not reason about it and prove it as a man, but reveals it as one having authority. It is couched in no ambiguous terms; it is delivered in connection with no absurd and unmeaning superstitions. The revelation is as wonderful for what it withholds as it is clear, and sublime in what it makes known. His language is, "Because I live ye shall live also;" "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die;" "Yea, whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live again;" "I am the resurrection and the life;" "I am the life, the truth, and the way;" "In my Father's house are many mansions—I go to prepare a place for you;" "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto him." He displayed to us the region of departed souls, and Lazarus is seen reclining on Abraham's bosom, while Dives lifts up his eyes in hell, being in torment. He connected it with the sublime idea of the resurrection of the body, a doctrine of which the heathen mind had not conceived, and which had only been dimly foreshadowed to the ancient people of God. He revealed it in its momentous relations to the present life, as being determined in its character of blessedness or misery, by our conduct here. He exhibited it in its relations to the just rewards of virtue and the equitable punishments of vice. He revealed it in connection with the final judgment, and the assembling of the dead, both small and great, before the judgment-seat of God, to receive the deeds done in the body. He revealed it in its relations to an eternal, beautiful, blessed home for the good, and to a fearful, unending place of torment for the wicked.

III. IMMORTALITY SUBSTANTIATED BY REASON.

We have had, in the history of the wonderful workings of the human mind in this momentous subject of a future life, abundant evidence that unaided human reason would never reach a clear apprehension and certain belief of immortality. It would ever struggle after it—the soul-longings of humanity would not let man sink into despair and cease to think, and speculate, and reason about the great hereafter. "The divinity that stirs within us, and intimates eternity to man," would still lead us to perpetual efforts to grasp and comprehend the great problems, but for want of proper data would still leave us doubting, hoping, desiring, and fearing.

The doctrine of immortality we do not believe is an offspring of human reason—it did not first spring up in the sphere of human logic, but has its birthplace among the soul-thoughts and heart-aspirings of humanity. Hence its universality. But those soul-thoughts, so plainly intimating to us our heavenly na-

tivity, our nobler origin, and higher destiny, as the language, sentiments, and bearing of the nobleman, even in poverty and obscurity, intimate his better parentage, would never reach to distinctness, would never bring us out into the clear light of certainty, would never free us from the errors, superstitions, and sensual distortions which our imaginations throw around the subject. Hence, immortality, with the distinctness, and clearness, and certainty which now characterize it in the Christian age, is not a discovery of science. "No, the light that flings its heavenly halo over the grave, and illumines our pathway to the skies, is not the light of science, but of religion. Not the dim tapers by which the philosophers of the world grope their way through it, but that glorious light of heaven" which the revelation of God, and especially the Divine Teacher, shed on these great truths. Hence, with us the doctrine of immortality is clear, authoritative, free from absurdities, and commending itself to our reason and sentiments.

When we turn, then, to human reason for arguments on the immortality of the soul, it is not because we believe human reason, apart from the Word of God, is sufficient to discover and demonstrate the immortal nature of the soul, but because that now, since the great truths connected with immortality have been brought to light, the human mind is able clearly to see the reasonableness of this great truth of revelation; and human reason comes forth to approve and substantiate it. Hence this appeal to our reason and the sentiments of our heart is both important and profitable. "Nature, and reason, and revelation do not stand in contradiction. The Creator of the one is the Author of the other, and all his manifestations must necessarily harmonize; and though our reasonings may not carry us as far as revelation in this matter, yet it is important to know that they tend in the same direction; that they are helping to work out the same great results."

In turning our attention, then, to the corroboration of this truth of revelation by human reason, we argue for the immortality of the soul,

From what we know of the soul's nature.

Man habitually thinks and speaks of his soul as something *distinct from his body*. In every human language is found a word or name by which man designates his better part, his real self, and which is different from the title by which he designates his body. Whether by the force of education, by the influence of a universal tradition, or by the conscious apprehension of the real fact of human existence, we have learned to look upon ourselves as twofold beings made up of soul and body. We do not believe that this is a result of education; we do not believe that this universal opinion is the result of a universal tradition; we believe that man thinks and speaks of himself as a being of soul and body, because he realizes in the conscious phenomena of his own life that he is such a compound being—that is, man *feels* that he is a compound being, that he lives a twofold life, a life of the body and a life of the soul.

This soul we know to be distinct in its attributes and functions from the attributes and functions of the body. Thought, conception, reasoning, volition, etc., powers which we know ourselves to possess, we know are

attributes entirely different from those of our bodies. These are powers and functions not only differing from those of matter in its abstract or unorganized condition, but differing also from any of the known results of organization. Respiration, secretion, circulation, motion, etc., are functions incident to matter in a state of organization; but thought, reason, memory, judgment, will, etc., are just as different from those physical functions as from the solidity, magnitude, figure, etc., which are the essential attributes of ordinary matter. Thus differing in its functions and attributes from all the known functions and attributes of matter in any known states, we habitually look upon the soul as something different from matter, and therefore different from the body—something which not merely acts when it is acted upon, but which is self-acting, which thinks and wills from its own inherent impulses and emotions. We call it spirit; we say that it is immaterial—that it is a thing of life—a being whose essential attribute is to exist, as the essential attribute of matter is extension. We know not what it is; we know that it is not matter.

Again, we know the soul, or thinking and reasoning part of man, to be distinct from the body, from our consciousness of personal identity—that is, from the fact that, amidst all the changes of a long lifetime, we still know ourselves to be the same individual. It is a well-known fact that during our lifetime our bodies completely change their material parts several times, and that in manhood we probably have not a particle of the substance which constituted our bodies in childhood and youth. Yet some part of us seems unquestionably to have come up with us from the earliest dawn of childhood, and we are conscious, amid all these changes of body, that we are the same individuals we were in childhood and youth. The impressions made in early life, the bent of character given in youth, the scenes, the emotions, the desires which were active in us in childhood, are still fresh in the mind of the old man; and though, perhaps, in the circuit of years, a half a score of renovations may have changed the entire body, yet the old man still feels that he is the same being that in sunny childhood played about his mother's knees, in gay, happy, joyous youth, mingled with loved companions whose memory still is dear, and in mature manhood plunged boldly into the struggles and duties of life. How may we account for this, except upon the supposition that the soul, the real man, has come up uninfluenced among all these changes, and

that therefore the soul is something different from the body?

Again, many of the manifestations of the mind in life and death prove to us that it must be something distinct from the body. If it were not—if the soul is only an attribute or result of the physical organization, like respiration, circulation, etc., we should expect a much more perfect agreement than we find between the powers and activity of the soul and those of the body. We should expect to find the soul, not only affected in its emotional nature, and experiencing pleasure or pain according to the varying states of the body, but, even more than this, we should expect the soul in its very capacity and activity to be dependent on the perfection of the physical system; and yet it is manifest that there exists by no means such correspondence and dependence between the capacity and activity of the soul and the condition of the body. It is neither the magnitude nor the integrity of the body which determines the powers of the human soul, nor do they repose and decay with the repose and decay of the body. A very feeble frame often contains a very large soul; in dreams men have solved problems on which they had labored in vain when awake, and frequently, when the body is almost worn out with disease, the soul has increased vigor.

But we may see in death itself a proof of immortality and unquestionable evidence of the distinctness of the soul from the body. When we see the soul come up to the indefinable and mysterious limits of life; when, in full consciousness, it lingers between two worlds, the one passed, the other all unknown; when the body is sinking away, is feeble, is broken, is dying, and the soul knows it, and we know it, and see that it is powerless—that fatal disorganization from which it can not recover has taken place within it—that all that is physical in man is so disarranged that it can no longer perform its functions and live; when we discover that often in the midst of these unmistakable evidences of decay and death, the soul still survives—that in the midst of this dissolution of the man the mind perfectly maintains its integrity—that not one of its powers or faculties is weakened or extinguished—that it perceives as keenly, judges as correctly, reasons as accurately, loves as strongly, as when the body was in vigorous health, is this not a moral demonstration that the mind of man is an existence whose perfection or whose being is not dependent on the physical organism that is crumbling into ruin?

Editor's Table.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—*Cromwell Dictating a State Letter.* When the news of the massacre in Piedmont was received in England, Lord Protector Cromwell was roused to a sacred fury. He caused his Latin Secretary, Milton, to write to all the Protestant powers, broke off his negotiations for a treaty with France, then allied with Savoy, compelled Mazarin to use his influence to get justice done in those valleys, and even dictated a letter to Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy,

threatening that in case the persecutions of the Protestants were not stopped, the thunders of his cannon on the Mediterranean should be heard with terror, even in Rome. The remonstrances of England were effectual: the Catholics quietly submitted, the Vaudois were restored to their rights, and Europe felt the thrill in every nerve.—*Western Wilds.* Our readers can interpret this beautiful picture for themselves. It needs no commendation, as its excellence speaks its own praise.

1904



Carving the light from star to star
From world to luminous world so far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall

F. L. Jones Eng.



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